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OFF THE SKELLIGS.

By JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I'm young and strong, my Marion ;  
None dance like me on the green ;  
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
I'll e'en draw up with Jean."

I DID not now sit in the morning-room, for I could not find in my heart to make Lou uncomfortable, and I observed that my proposal to Mrs. Henfrey that Valentine and I should read in the drawing-room with her was met with such ready willingness, that I could not but suppose she wished Captain Walker to have every opportunity for making himself agreeable.

After we had read, we took a walk or a drive ; indeed, we were thrown together almost all day long, and I was so keenly aware of the folly I should commit if I indulged any dream with respect to Mr. Brandon, that I tried earnestly to write and walk, to talk and practise, as much as I could, and starve him out of my thoughts by occupying myself with other things.

He had deliberately gone away in the very midst of his apparent interest about me. It was not to please Tom, that I had plainly seen ; and there had been no talk of business.

"Well," said Valentine, one day when we set out for our walk, "I consider that Giles is in for a thousand pounds."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, don't you know that he gave Emily that sum when she was married, and promised it to the others?"

"No, I have not heard it."

"Well, he did ; and he is to let me have the same sum to put me to college. That's what gives him so much power over me."

"I did not know he was rich."

"He isn't ; but he has plenty. That, I am bound to say, is my pa's doing. Why, this house belongs to Giles."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; papa was his father's guardian. His father died suddenly, you know, before he was born."

"I have heard that."

"So papa and sister went and fetched poor mamma here, and she stayed till after Giles was born; she did nothing but cry, and made them so miserable. She used to sit, when she got a little better, under that laurustinus tree and nurse Giles, and cry over him. Then she said she should be happier if she went to her own people in Scotland; so papa took her there, and she soon got better, and married Mr. Grant. Well then, most of what Mr. Brandon had left became the property of his child, and papa was his guardian, and managed it so well, that by the time Giles was of age his patrimony was nearly doubled. Did you ever hear the story of how papa came to marry mamma?"

"No. Tell it me."

"Why, of course papa and mamma used to correspond about Giles, and papa wished him to go to school, and there was a kind of coolness between them, because papa thought it so silly of mamma to marry again so soon. Well, after Mr. Grant had been dead a year, there was some business to be settled, and mamma had some papers to sign about Giles. But papa had the gout and could not go to Scotland, so mamma had to come to him, and she left Giles behind, for fear papa should want to get him and send him to school.

"She came here in a snow-storm, and papa was very cross and grumbling a good deal about his gout. He was nearly sixty then, and had been a kind of widower thirty years. When he found that mamma had left Giles behind he was very angry. I can't tell the story so well as sister does; it's the only one she ever does tell well. She was with papa, and when he said, 'Are there no possible means, madam, by which I can get that boy into my hands?' mamma said, 'I cannot tell what means you may have in reserve, but those which you have tried at present are quite ineffectual.' Sister thought they were going to quarrel, so she got out of the room as fast as she could; but when she came in again (mamma was always considered a very fascinating person), she found papa in an excellent temper, and he told her he had been talking with Mrs. Grant, and she had promised to let him have her son. And so mamma did, you know, but she came with him and Liz and Lou and Emily also. I have always thought it showed a beautiful spirit of discernment in my dear mother, that no sooner was I born than she perceived my superior merit, and showed an open preference for me over all her other children. On the other hand, so blind is poor human nature that papa always had a kind of infatuation in favour of Giles.

"Papa sent Giles to Trinity, and wished him to study law, but he

hates the law, and says if he marries he shall buy land and go and settle in New Zealand. • It is a lucky thing for us that papa managed so well for him, for now Giles always persists that we have a claim on his property in consequence."

From day to day Valentine and I cultivated our intimacy. We went together to call on Miss Dorinda, we took rides together and went fern-hunting in the woods, we studied, we quarrelled and made it up again. We were at first glad to be together for want of other society, but by degrees we got used to each other, and liked to discuss in company the progress of Captain Walker's wooing, the various croquet parties we went to, and the neighbours who came to lunch and to call.

Once, and only once, Valentine gave himself a holiday from his Greek, and left me all the morning. About three o'clock he returned and burst into the room, exclaiming that he should not have been so late if he had not fallen in with a crowd of people running to farmer Coles', and declaring that one of his ricks was on fire.

"I ran after them, hoping to see the fun, and help to throw water, when Tim Coles, the farmer's own brother, lagged behind and began to lament and talk about his feelings. 'Come, Tim,' said I, 'you block up the stile; let me get over,' 'Ah!' said he, 'my poor brother! Blood's thicker than water.' 'So I perceive,' said I, 'so much thicker that it won't run.' Put that into the novel; it's much better than anything you can invent yourself. Well, we soon had the fire out. I was too late for the train, but though I had to wait for the next, I was glad; for Charlotte was there, and Prentice; they were waiting for old Tikey to come down from some missionary meeting he'd been to. We amused ourselves with *planting*. Charlotte said, 'If I were to plant you and what you frequently do, myself, and something indefinite, what would come up?'—but, dear me! you never can guess anything, and, besides, an old salt like you ought not to plant, you should fish. If I were to throw myself into the sea when you were fishing, what should you catch?"

"An odd fish?"

"No."

"A flat-fish?"

"No, you crab, but a great sole. A friend of St. George's used to say that he was all soul—so am I, except my body. Come, I'll give you another plant. If I were to plant the mother of hexameters painted gold-colour, and what I should like to give you, what would come up? Do you think it would be a bee orchis?"

"I consider you a very impertinent boy. Besides, they ought to spell."

"No, they belong to the botanical, not to the educated classes. *Scene for the novel*—And here the graceful youth, producing a costly

ring, and, dropping on one knee, took her hand and pressed it to his finely-formed lips, as was his frequent habit."

"He did nothing of the kind," I exclaimed. "How dare you! you never did kiss it, and you never will. Do you think I am going to hang my hand over the end of the sofa that, as Sairey Gamp says, you 'may put your lips to it when so disposed'?"

"Why, you don't think I was in earnest, do you?" exclaimed Valentine, shaking with laughter. "Kiss your hand, indeed! I wouldn't do such a thing on any account, I can tell you! No, it was a scene." And he stuck a little ring on the top of one of his great fingers, and said, in a more colloquial tone, "Just see if this fits, will you?"

"Yes, it fits pretty well."

"It only cost seven-and-sixpence."

"And quite enough, too, for it is a rubbishing little thing."

"Well, keep it, then, for the present, lest I should lose it. And now I am going to tell you a thrilling tale, and appeal to all your better feelings."

"Do."

"You must know, then, that the day Giles went away, he got up very early indeed; I heard him, and got up too, and went into his room while he was shaving. I told him I had only five shillings in my pocket, and put it to him, 'as a man and a brother,' whether, considering the state of his own finances, he had the heart to let such a state of things continue. It was once his own case—how did he like it? I asked. The wretch answered, '*O l'heureux temps quand j'étais si malheureux!*' and went on lathering himself in a way that was very unfeeling, considering how late my whiskers are in coming. 'What do you want to buy?' said Giles. I told him a ring. 'Whew!' he answered, 'a ring! Why can't you seal your letters with a shilling? Well, come,' he said, 'if you'll have your father's crest well cut, I'll give you five pounds.' 'What!' I answered, 'do you think I am such a muff as to want a signet ring? No, I want one for a present.' Well, by that time I had got the five sovereigns. 'A present!' said Giles, with infinite scorn; 'for whom?' I told him it was for a lady, and, instead of treating the matter as if it was the most natural thing in the world, he laughed in an insulting manner, and then turned grave, and desired me not to make myself ridiculous by any such foolery; he wanted to know the lady's name, and said if it was Fanny Wilson, I was most presumptuous; indeed, at my age, it would be very impertinent to do such a thing, and that papa would be very angry; he added, D. dear, that if I would only wait a couple of years, there really was no saying what might happen in that quarter. I said it was not Fanny Wilson. 'Has it any reference, then, to that foolish boy, Prentice?' he next asked. I could not altogether say that it had not. 'Because



if it has, and you give a ring to Charlotte on purpose to vex him, I shall be much disappointed in you,' he said. I said I could not divulge the lady's name, but of course I could not help laughing, because he was so grave and so angry, and seemed so astonished at my folly. No lady, he said, would accept a ring from a mere boy. 'I'll bet you all the money that I don't spend on the ring,' I said, 'that this lady does.' 'If she does,' said Giles, 'I give you five sovereigns more.' Only think of that! I know if he had not been in such a hurry that he would have made me tell him everything. As it is, D. dear, I can make myself happy in the hope of future pelf; the ring is for you."

"For me? how dare you!"

"Yes, for you. It has been my happy privilege already to-day to make a fellow-creature perfectly miserable. Prentice is now, I have little doubt, tearing his hair."

Upon this I took off the ring and laid it inside the fender, where I told him it would remain unless he picked it up. Following his brother's lead, I also said that if he had done it in earnest it would have been very foolish, but as it was in joke it was impertinent.

"It's all Prentice's fault," he burst out. "He gave Charlotte a ring, and I shall never be able to subdue him unless I can match him; his insolence is insufferable. You should have seen his jealous misery to-day when I said, carelessly, that I was going to buy a ring. I hate that fellow—at least so far as is consistent with Christian charity I do. The great joy and desire of his life is to do what nobody else can; but if other young fellows can be engaged at nineteen, why there is no glory in it, and no grandeur either. However, I shall pick up the ring, and trust to your better feelings not to deprive me of all this money."

We argued and bickered some time, and then were reconciled; what, indeed, was the use of quarrelling with a youth whose simplicity was so transparent, and whose temper was so imperturbable?

That night the ring was sent to me with a polite note begging my acceptance of it. I returned it the next morning before I left my room in a similar note, declining to receive it. This process was repeated every night and every morning till the next Sunday, when, as we were walking home from church, Valentine exclaimed, "I say, Prentice has been low all this week, and now he despairs. I heard him speak snappishly to Charlotte, upon which she replied, 'Well, how can I help it if they *do* correspond!' What an inconsiderate world this is! I would not, on any account, make a fellow so miserable as you have made Prentice!"

"Correspond? what do you mean!"

"Oh, I remarked to Prentice, in the course of conversation, that we corresponded; so we do—we write daily. *That* is entirely your doing. I should never have thought of such a thing."

The note with the ring in it was sent to me as usual that night, and for the first time Liz was with me. Mrs. Brand brought it in with the usual simper and the usual message: "Mr. Valentine's compliments, ma'am, and wishes you pleasant dreams." I told the story to Liz, and she was very much amused; but when I related the anecdote about the correspondence, she agreed with me that the joke must be put a stop to, and we thought the best thing for me to do, in order to effect this, would be to make over the ring to somebody else.

So I put it on her finger, and the next morning, after breakfast, I saw it catch Valentine's eye, and heard him ask her where she got it.

"Oh," she replied, carelessly, "it's a thing that Dorothea had no value for, so she gave it to me."

"Did she?" said Valentine, with joyful readiness; "then the game is won at last! and I'll write at once for that photographing camera; it only costs 8*l.* 10*s.*, and now I can have it."

Lou and Captain Walker, who were evidently in possession of the facts, looked on amused, and I asked what the ring had to do with the camera.

Valentine replied that people could not give away what did not belong to them, therefore it was evident, by my own act, that I acknowledged the ring to be mine; I had accepted it, and given it away; so he should at once appropriate the promised gift from St. George.

It was quite in vain for me to protest and declare; everybody was against me; even Mrs. Henfrey was roused to interest, and laughed, and demonstrated to me that nothing could be clearer than Valentine's case.

The camera was ordered that very morning, and we—that is Valentine and I—spent from that time forth several hours of each day in taking portraits with it. Hideous things some of them were; they had an evil grin on their faces, so we tried sitting with gravity, and then the portraits glared at beholders with desolate gloom. At last we grew tired of troubling ourselves as to the expression of our faces; sat carelessly, and some very good ones came out, which we spoilt by over-burning in the sun, or spotted by soaking in a badly-mixed bath.

We set the camera out of doors on the lawn, and worked at this new trade, till at last, when we had wasted more than half the stock of chemicals, we arrived at tolerable skill, and took Captain Walker's unmeaning face, light eye, and sandy whiskers, so well, that even Mrs. Henfrey declared it to be a speaking likeness, and arrayed herself in velvet, and came out on the lawn to sit.

Mr. Mortimer encouraged this rage for photography on the ground that it was good for Valentine's lungs to be out so much in the air.

We took all the friends of the family, and all the cottagers. We

took the home party in every variety of costume and attitude ; we took Captain Walker leaning on Lou's chair ; he evidently wished to look sentimental ; she told him to give himself a military expression. In his desire to combine the two, he looked both foolish and fierce, but Lou was pleased. We then took him again in his full dress, with one hand pointing at nothing in the distance. His hand came out as big as his head, but what of that ? nothing is perfect.

St. George being away, we adopted the smoking-room and used it as a portrait gallery, and stuck the pictures all over his walls with pins ; there they hung to dry, while we, having stained our fingers of a lively brown with collodion, and having arrived at tolerable skill, sighed for new worlds to conquer, and took the portrait of every child and monitor in Giles's own particular village school, where he had a select company of little girls bringing up on purpose to be sent to Canada.

We then took portraits in character. Valentine bought a pair of moustaches, and came out as a brigand. I was dressed up as a fish girl, having a basket of mackerel on my head, which we got from the cook. Those mackerel stood a long time in the sun, and when they appeared at table the family declined to partake of them, but the photograph was the very best we ever did.

As time went on, I was the more glad of this occupation, for we heard nothing of Tom and Mr. Brandon, and as no one but Valentine and myself seemed to think this at all singular, I sometimes thought the family must know something of their movements ; though, when I made any remark on Tom's long absence, Mr. Mortimer or Mrs. Henfrey would reply to the effect that it was dull in the country.

One day, when the weather was particularly fine, and we, after working hard at our Greek, had taken some very successful photographs, Valentine got Liz to lend him the ring, and asked me just to put it on while my portrait was being taken as a bridesmaid. I declined, for I had a suspicion that some farther torture to Prentice would ensue, but as he made a great point of it, and I did not like to yield, I at last went in and ensconced myself in the smoking-room. As I stood by the table he shortly entered, bearing the ring on a large silver waiter, and following me about the room, laughing and begging me to put it on. He walked after me round and round the table. I then retreated before him till the walk became a run, and I at last darted out of the room and ran upstairs, he striding after, vowing that I should wear it. In that style, both out of breath with laughing, we ran up one staircase and down another, up the gallery and along the wing, the ring rattling and dancing on the waiter, and Valentine with cracked voice vociferating and quoting ; till, stopped at last by the window seat, I turned to bay quite breathless, and he dropped on one knee and held up his waiter with the ring on it, still laughing, but unable to articulate a word.

At this precise point of time a door close at hand flew open, and somebody coming out, nearly tumbled over Valentine's legs.

Mr. Mortimer.

Nothing could exceed the intense surprise of his countenance when he saw Valentine's attitude and the ring. In spite of our laughter, it was evident that this little tableau had greatly struck him, and after a pause of a few seconds, he turned again very quietly into his dressing-room and shut the door behind him without saying a word.

Now if he had laughed or spoken, I should not have thought so much of it, but that withdrawal and that great surprise were very mortifying, because it seemed to show that he did not treat the matter as the silly joke of a boy.

Valentine saw this as well as I did, and when he rose from his knees he looked very foolish. I was not in the best humour possible, and as we walked downstairs together in a very crest-fallen state, Mr. Mortimer's surprise being far more disconcerting than Valentine's joke, I said I thought he had better go and explain the whole thing to his father, make light of it, and expressly say that the ring was only offered as an ornament to be worn in a portrait.

For once he was out of countenance, and made excuses. His father, he was sure, would ask what he meant by it, perhaps would inquire if he meant any thing serious.

"He will say nothing of the kind," I answered with some asperity; "ridiculous! Even if he did, you would only have to speak out and say 'no,' like a boy and a Briton."

"I sha'n't say anything of the sort," he answered, sulkily. "I like you better than any girl in the world. Charlotte's nothing to you, nor Jane Wilson either."

I was very angry with him for talking such nonsense, but I argued the point with him, and proved by force of reasoning that he and I were friends and could be nothing else. He began to yield. I might be right. I summed up the facts, and his mind inclined to agree with me. Then why had he been so foolish? He said he didn't exactly know. I supposed it must have been out of perversity. He thought it must have been, and, recovering his spirits, began to whistle.

So having by this time returned to the lawn, I sat down on a heap of mown grass, and began to harangue him on the necessity of his going to explain matters to his father, when I suddenly forgot the subject, in consequence of a circumstance which took place, and did not think of it again for at least an hour.

He was sitting at my feet, playing with the mown grass, and blushing, when hearing footsteps close to us he looked up and exclaimed, "Why, here's Giles, I declare!" and Mr. Brandon, stepping up, shook hands with me and looked at me with some attention.

No wonder, for I was arrayed in white tarlatan, I had a crown of flowers on my head, and my upper skirt was filled with bunches of

lilac, laburnum, and peonies. Captain Walker had taken great pains to persuade Lou to be taken dressed as a bride, while Liz and I strewed flowers before her in the character of bridesmaids. At the last moment, when all seemed propitious, Lou had failed the poor man, but Liz and I, determined not to have the trouble of dressing for nothing, intended to be taken without her.

"Oh, Mr. Brandon," I exclaimed, "you are come home! Where is Tom? is he up in his room?"

"No," he answered, cheerfully, and as if he wished me to think his announcement a commonplace one, but could not quite manage it. "I left him behind with the Captain. He sent his love to you. We only spent four days in town, and I have been cruising about with them ever since. They put me ashore yesterday at Gosport."

"He is not ill?"

"No—no, certainly not; I never saw him looking better, nor the Captain either."

I had already stayed at Mr. Mortimer's house nearly the whole of the month for which we had been invited. Tom, I could not but think, was treating him very cavalierly by this strange withdrawal, and here was I left alone with no directions how to act, and a positive certainty now, that there was something in the background which I did not understand.

I said I hoped he had brought me some letters. He answered, with the same open air of cheerfulness, No, he had not, but that Tom had promised to write very soon.

"Hang him!" said Valentine, with sudden vehemence. "Promised to write to his own sister! But," he added, in a sympathising voice, cracked though it was, "never mind, D. dear; you must stop, you know, till he comes to fetch you, and won't that be a trial to this child! Never mind! he'll try and bear it."

There was something very affectionate in his manner, and as Mr. Brandon did not say a single word, but merely stood by looking on, he continued his remarks, interspersing them with many quotations and jokes, to which I could not respond and Mr. Brandon did not.

My sensations of shame at the way in which I had been left on the hands of this family, the fear lest I should intrude, and the consciousness that they were perfectly aware that Tom cared nothing either for their feelings in the matter or for mine, so much overpowered me that I sat down in the glorious sunshine on my heap of grass, mechanically holding my lap full of flowers, and wondering what I was to do if neither Tom nor my uncle did write before the end of the week.

Still Mr. Brandon stood like a statue beside me, and still Valentine talked; but I only heard his words as if they had been a slight noise a long way off that had nothing to do with me. I was thinking on

the uncertainties of wind and tide. My uncle had put to sea, and who could tell when he might be in port again?

A momentary silence recalled me to myself. Valentine, having finished all he had to say, paused, and then exclaimed, with sudden vehemence—

"Now, D. dear, I shall never believe you again when you say that you can't help moving. If you would only sit in this way you would make a lovely negative, I'm positive. As for Giles, he is as still as a stone. How I wish I could take him with his nose relieved so beautifully against that laurel tree!"

I answered that as Liz did not come, I would go in and dress for dinner.

I did go in, and found Mrs. Brand in my room waiting for me, and pushing a letter into her pocket.

"Is that from Brand?" I asked.

She said it was, and, declaring that I was very late, began to excite a most unnecessary bustle, pulling out gowns and sashes, and strewing my possessions about the room.

"Don't be so nervous," I said. "I will not ask you any questions."

Instead of answering, she reminded me that visitors were expected to dinner, and pretended to be very anxious about the plaiting of my hair. Her agitation made her longer than usual about my toilet, but that was a comfort, for I wanted a little time, not to gain information, for that at present I shrank from, but to gather courage, and become able to attend to what was about me.

I had a suspicion floating in my mind. I had cherished it for some time. The foundation for it was very slight, and I was anxious not to betray it on any account, but to appear cheerful and easy about Tom till the last moment before I was compelled to have the suspicion verified.

I had so completely subsided into the family during the last fortnight, and become so accustomed to pay Mr. Mortimer the little attentions of a daughter, instead of receiving from him the attentions of a host, that when I advanced into the long drawing-room a certain change of manner in him arrested my attention instantly.

He spoke to me, set a chair for me near his own, and, making some kind remark about Tom, said, as if on purpose to set me at my ease, that as my brother could not come back, he hoped I should make up for it by prolonging my own stay as long as I could make it convenient or find it agreeable. To this formal invitation I returned a grateful answer; but I derived a kind of notion, from the manner of it, that it was at Mr. Brandon's suggestion. I thought he perceived the likelihood of my receiving no directions, and wished to spare me the pain of feeling that I was encroaching by letting me first have an invitation to stay.

Mr. Mortimer received my answer politely, but the kind of familiar, almost loving, manner which he had assumed towards me of late was altered. He had become courteous again, and treated me as he did his other guests who now began to arrive.

The fine woman was present, and her daughter Jane. This young lady had a very large fortune, and I had often heard her talked of. I looked at her with some interest. She had been called a heavy-footed girl, and she certainly was no sylph, but I thought her rather a fine young creature, and observed that her mother kept a watchful eye upon her, noting who talked to her, and who came to her side. Specially she was watchful of Mr. Brandon, and when he talked to Jane, which he did rather often, I thought that the daughter was much pleased, but that the mother was not pleased.

Neither need have cared ; there was no interest in his manner that could give reasonable hope to the one or fear to the other.

Captain Walker took me down to dinner, and Lou sat as far from him as the length of the table would permit.

Captain Walker was eminently stupid that day, and I was eminently silent. I had heard before all his anecdotes about his twin brother ; they never varied in the least, but they were told with confidential earnestness, and were supposed to demand all the intellect of the listener to enter into them, and laugh in the right place. Not being in the least funny, we had sometimes laughed in the wrong place, but this we soon found disconcerted him, and we took care now always to laugh when he said, "Wasn't that droll?" or "Wasn't that witty?"

Mr. Brandon sat on my other side, and Jane Wilson talked to him. She was animated and full of interest ; full of curiosity too, and wanted to hear about a cruise that she heard he had been taking with a friend of his in a yacht, a friend whom she wished she had seen more of, for he seemed to be a very singular young man.

Giles escaped rather pointedly from this subject more than once ; the third time she mentioned it he turned to me, and addressed me for the first and only time during dinner, saying something intended to show her that I was the sister of his yachting friend.

During the rest of the evening I felt impelled to watch him, and wonder whether he had anything in his mind which he would communicate to me. He seemed aware of this, and never approached me. If he had anything to say, that was certainly not the time. Once I chanced to be standing in the same group with him, but he remained mute till it dispersed, and only Valentine was left, when he said to him—"Oubit, I shall expect you to read with me before breakfast to-morrow."

"All right," said Valentine. "Well, D. dear, how did you get on at dinner time with your brilliant companion?"

"You will be overheard, Val," said St. George.



And Valentine continued in a lower key—"Silly of Lou to persist in sitting apart from him. Now, if you and I had been together, we should have been as happy as possible. I say, I hate this black gown; why don't you wear white? Isn't this thing hideous, Giles?"

Mr. Brandon, being thus directly appealed to, just glanced at the offending array, but made no answer, and presently Jane Wilson came up.

"Mr. Brandon, you are wanted to sing a duet."

"With whom?"

"With me."

As Jane Wilson led him off I thought she had a pretty piquant manner, but I observed that her mother had moved to the piano before them, and was looking over the music.

Three duets were produced one after the other.

"Oh," said Mrs. Wilson, "my dear child, have you the temerity to wish to sing this with Mr. Brandon? It will make your defects too evident."

Jane put up the second—"Oh, you have had no lessons on this one, love."

The third was proposed.

"This will do very well," said Mr. Brandon, carelessly.

"German," said Mrs. Wilson, "is so very unbecoming to the voice, and your voice does so completely kill Jane's, that really——"

"Why should she not sing a solo then?" said Mr. Brandon. "This one looks pretty." He placed one on the piano and walked away from the mortified girl and gratified mother, quite unconscious as it seemed of the feelings of either, and utterly indifferent as to whether he sang or not.

"Isn't that droll?" said Valentine softly to me, "Every one but Giles can see the preference in that quarter."

"He does not see it then?"

"Evidently not, and I am sure he would not like it if it was pointed out."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I have often heard him laugh at fellows who leave the wooing to the ladies, and say nothing was worth having that did not cost a man some trouble to get, and he should not thank any woman for doing his work for him."

"He is quite right; but if he does not see when it is done for him, why then he is a short-sighted mortal."

"D., my dear, I do not think there is much fear lest you should follow in J. W.'s steps. You will take a great deal of earning, I expect."

"People generally call that winning."

"No, what they get by good luck or chance they say is won, but



what they work for they say is earned. Now if I could earn you——"

"Don't talk nonsense; you never would, even if you tried, which you never will."

"What do you know of my future? Do you pretend to be a prophetess? Now my impression is that I *shall* try, and, if so, that I shall probably succeed."

"I consider it very impertinent in a boy like you to talk in this way."

"But it won't be impertinent when I'm a man! I am considering what will probably happen when I am a man. Valentine Mortimer, Esq., of Trin. Coll., Cambridge. I think I see him now; he comes riding to the strand on his fine black mare, his whiskers, I perceive, are brown; he draws the rein, the yacht rocks in the offing, a lady waves a handkerchief——"

"Well, go on—He comes on board in the market boat with the vegetables, singing 'Rule Britannia,' but by the time he has stepped on deck he is very ill, and says, 'Oh, please let me go back to my papa, and I'll never do this any more.'"

"So he is put ashore, and the lady becomes a *smilax simulata*."

"Does that follow?"

"On philosophic and general grounds, I should say so decidedly. Is it likely indeed in a country where there are more women than men, that each woman should have more than one good offer?"

"Did I hear you say good?"

"You did. Look at my height; is that nothing? Look (prophetically) at my whiskers; will they be nothing?"

"I should expect to find that remarkably eligible ladies would have several good offers if the one you seem to promise me is a specimen of a good one."

"Remarkably eligible! Do my ears deceive me? or can it be that you allude to yourself?"

"Of course; you would hardly be ambitious of securing anything not remarkably eligible; besides, with those brown whiskers that are coming, to what might you not aspire, especially if you are not plucked in your 'little go'? And to tell you the truth I sometimes think you won't be, now that I have taken such pains with your Greek."

"You had better mind what you are about," exclaimed Valentine, shaking with laughter. "This sort of thing may be carried a little too far," and as he spoke a little piece of cotton wool flew out of his ear, and, performing a short arc, dropped on to the floor. He picked it up hastily and restored it, but his brother who was passing before us paused as if struck by the sight, and turning towards him, murmured in a melancholy tone,—"*And certain stars shot madly from their spheres, to hear the sea-maid's music.*"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'"

Edgar Poe.

THAT night I asked Mrs. Brand what Brand had said in his letter.

She replied, that he had said master's shirts wanted new wristbands; and there had been a hole burnt in one of the best tablecloths; that the captain of the yacht being ashore one day, Mr. Brandon had persuaded master to let him steer, and had as nigh as possible run down a *lighter*; that the cook had lost two basins overboard; and that Mr. Graham was all right.

The last piece of information was what I wanted, and I slept well after it.

At breakfast-time the next day, I observed that Mr. Brandon seemed in excellent spirits; and when I caught his eye, he did not look at all like a man who had any disagreeable news to communicate. He preserved his air of open cheerfulness; and when Valentine and I came up into the drawing-room to do our Greek, we found him standing on the rug arguing with Liz, declaring that she had nothing to do, and was very much to be pitied in consequence. Liz said she had a great deal to do, and declined to be pitied.

He then began to mourn and lament over his school. Why did she never go and see it?

"Oh, you go yourself every day."

"But I cannot superintend the needlework; besides, you know that when I went out I entreated you girls to look in now and then."

"Dorothea has been there several times," answered Liz.

"Yes," I said; "but not to teach. We went, at first, to take the children's portraits."

"Not in school hours, I hope."

"Oh, no; on their half-holiday."

"And then she made friends with the mistress," said Valentine; "and taught that ugly girl, Mercy Porter, to do double-knitting. Do you know what that is, Giles?"

"No. Did you accompany Miss Graham on these visits?"

"You will be thankful to hear that I did, Giles. I hope I know my duty. There is but a step, you know, between us; so no wonder I tread closely on your heels."

Liz, as he said this, was leaving the room; and when she shut the door, St. George answered, with unexpected heat and asperity,—

"I've often told you that I hate and detest that expression, '*step-brother*.' I don't acknowledge any such relationship."

"Well, Giles," said Valentine, humbly, "I think we both talk now and then of our step-sisters."

"That's a different thing," he exclaimed, in the face of facts. "Your father is nothing to them, but he is to me; and if I ever hear you call me seriously your step-brother——"

"As if I should think of such a thing!" cried Valentine, firing up with sudden indignation. "Now, did you ever hear me do such a thing seriously in your life—did you?"

"You young scapegrace," answered Mr. Brandon, with a short laugh, but still looking heated; "if I did regard you in that light, I would——"

He emphasised his words by giving Valentine a slap on the head with a thin loose pamphlet that he was holding, and by approaching his clenched fist very closely to that young gentleman's nose. It was a little awkward for me, for I am sure he had not quite made up his mind whether he was in joke or earnest.

"You would what?" cried Valentine, seizing it. "I say this is assault and battery, Giles, sir! Let me alone. You would what!"

By this time restored to good temper, they were half wrestling together; but Mr. Brandon soon got free. The Oubit received several other noisy but harmless blows with the pamphlet, and was pushed down again on the sofa, still vociferating,—

"You would what, Giles? You would what?"

"Why, I would treat you very differently from what I mean to do," he replied.

And, picking up his pamphlet and charging me to be strict, he presently departed; but in two minutes he came back again, and said to Valentine,—

"You are going to have a visit from the magistrate this afternoon, a domiciliary visit; and you had better clear out a little of your rubbish—those two miserable mallards, with cotton wool for eyes; and that peck of feathers, which you call a cock. Your father thinks the arsenical paste you dress your bird-skins with may be injurious to your lungs."

Valentine looked aghast.

"You put that into his head," he exclaimed.

"Did I? Well, as I said before, you had better look out; or, take my word for it, he'll teach these birds of yours to fly."

"If he does," said Valentine, "I will take him up to *your shop*—I declare I will. You'll blow yourself up some day with your chemicals, and it shall not be my fault if he doesn't think so. You'll have a visit too, sir. I must do my duty by you, Giles. You'll see two majestic figures standing in your doorway, and the younger one denouncing you. What will you say then, I should like to know?"

For a moment St. George stood stock-still, as if he was really considering this ridiculous threat; then,—

"*Scene for the novel!*" he exclaimed. "'His elder brother, waving off the graceless youth, replied,—

'Take thy BEAK from out my den,  
And take this Daniel from my door  
(Quoth the Oubit 'Nevermore).'

He then charged me to be strict, said he was going to his school, and with that he departed.

"I'm sorry I vexed old Giles," said Valentine, when he had smoothed his dishevelled locks; "particularly as he has been so generous."

"What has he done?"

"Done! Why, given me the money like a brick, and made no difficulty about it."

"I hope you told him that I only accepted that ring by mistake."

"I not only told him all about how it happened, but I told him, honourably, that it was all a joke. I went to his room when he was shaving. At first I felt very sheepish. I don't exactly know why; and (hang him) I am sure he enjoyed my being out of countenance. At last, just as I had screwed up my courage to speak, he said—'Well, old fellow, lost or won?' So I said 'Won.'"

"Then I hope he made game of you; and said it was presumptuous of you."

"No, he didn't."

"But what was it that he did say?"

"Why he said, 'Then there's your money.' And there I found it laid ready on his desk. Somebody must have told him."

He paused, and whistled softly, as if reflecting on the possible author of this communication.

"But I had something to tell him that soon drove that out of his head," he observed. "Dorinda has done for me! I promised St. George quite solemnly that I would seriously reflect, and all that, you know, while he was away, whether I could make up my mind about being a clergyman. And I told him to-day that I had decided I wasn't fit; and I thought I had better make short work with it, and say at once that I couldn't get up any particular wish to *be* fit. As soon as I could venture to look at him, I could see how put out and vexed he was. 'You need not think that I shall sanction your going to Cambridge,' he said, 'if that is the case.' When he's really displeased I always give him a soft answer—that's a religious thing to do, and, by experience, I know it answers. So I said I was very sorry; but I hoped he would tell my father, for I did not like to tell him myself; and he was always so kind that I depended on him to get me out of this scrape. I say, isn't Giles a good fellow?"

"He is very good to you; but I am not at all obliged to him for taking Tom away just because he was tired of staying here himself."

"I told him the whole story about the ring, and then about Dorinda—at least, so much of both as he would listen to; and he agreed to tell papa. And then he asked me the cost of the camera, and said, if I liked to give him back the five sovereigns, he would pay for it. That's what I call fraternal."

He then plunged into his Greek; and I, while I listened, felt suddenly that I need not flatter myself that this help given was to be, or ever had been, of any use. Some other career would now be fixed on for the Oubit. So I thought I would not give him a lesson after that day. And I listened to every passing foot on the stair, longing to waylay Mr. Brandon if he should come down, and get him, at least, to tell me whether Tom would soon come and fetch me away; hurt because he had disliked my going to his school; and suddenly so ashamed and so covered with, and hampered with, a new humility at finding myself left to the kindness of this family, that it seemed to be almost taking a liberty to occupy their rooms and sit upon their chairs and sofas.

I did hear St. George's foot as he passed the door; but I had not courage to stop him. He had made it obvious to me that he did not want to talk to me. I had believed, during his absence, that he had partly retreated to get away from me; and now he had not even got my uncle to write to me. I thought he should have done that, as I was left with his people.

I presently saw him, through the window, get over a stile and cross the fields in the direction of his school. There was nothing to be done—nothing whatever; but I felt as if the sweet sunshine of that morning would not warm me. And when Valentine, having finished his Greek, went down to the camera, I went upstairs, and spread some drawing materials before me.

He shouted up to me several times as I sat in the window; but I would not come down, and was idly taking the view from the window, when I heard St. George's voice below. He had returned some other way from his school. In a few minutes his foot was outside the door, and he hastily entered.

"What, Miss Graham, indoors this lovely May morning?"

"The window is open. I have the air here."

He darted a look at me.

"There is Valentine, moping and mourning because of your desertion; and the Captain in despair, at your not coming to group the sitters."

"I would have come if they had said they wanted me."

Upon this he passed to the open window, standing with his back to me, and adjusting a pocket telescope which he had taken from the table.

"I am afraid," he began, and stopped to alter the focus,—*"I am afraid you have been uncomfortable and anxious about Tom. I*

should have mentioned him before, but I have not been alone with you."

"I only wish to know what *you* think."

"*Oh*, I feel quite comfortable; he is safe enough for the next five or six months; and the Captain will not easily be persuaded to put into Southampton again!"

You ought not to have taken him there was my thought, but I only said "Thank you."

Still he stood with the telescope to his eye, and his face to the window.

"I did not know," he said, "till I saw you again yesterday, that you had any suspicion to cause discomfort concerning him, and cast a shadow over your happiness. Mrs. Brand was sure you had not."

"*Oh, then he asked her*," I thought to myself.

He turned round as he said these words, and observing that his own shadow fell over me, and was dark on my drawing-paper, he smiled, and moving aside, continued: "But now I hope the shadow cast by Tom will withdraw as completely as mine has done, and that you will go down and amuse yourself with the camera."

I rose mechanically to go down, as he seemed to expect. "As completely as mine has done," was my thought as I put away my drawing materials; "I wonder when your shadow will withdraw,—if ever."

I went down, Mr. Brandon remaining in the drawing-room; some morning visitors had joined the party below, and their portraits were taken. When they retired, Valentine and the Captain began to set these portraits in the sun, occasionally shouting to Giles to come and be taken too, and he declining.

At last his brother and sisters made a rush upstairs, and bore him down with them in triumph. He declared that he was very busy, that he had a lecture to write, that he hated the smell of collodion, and that he had not answered his letters; but the sense of the family being against him, he submitted with a tolerably good grace, and sat down, desiring us to tell him when we were ready, that he might call up a look.

In the meantime, as we were quite ready, I only waited till he had settled himself in the chair, and his mind had wandered away; then I withdrew the slide, the right number of seconds was counted, and it was only when the slide was clapped down again that he knew what we had done.

The portrait came out in our best style. Shall I ever forget his disgust when he saw it—particularly when everybody else declared it to be capital?

"That *meant* for me,—that odious sentimental fellow! Take me again, and smash it. It's a libel."

So far from being a libel, it was the record of his very best expres-

sion—the expression of a strong man with keen feelings, when he yields to some momentary fancy, and wanders pensively into the land of dreams.

"Why, you frequently have that look," said Valentine, "when you are thinking. Give it to papa; hang it in his dressing-room; he will like it, if you don't."

Mr. Brandon demanded to be taken again: we did take him,—his expression was steady almost to defiance, and seemed to challenge the scrutiny of mankind. In the meantime, being privately instructed, I bore off the first portrait and hid it.

"By-the-bye," I heard him say, as I approached again, "I am not going to have my smoking-room turned into an exhibition and school of art. I found pinned up there, seventeen portraits of Val and two dozen and one of Miss Graham—all vile, and most of them distorted; several of you, Walker, and a notable collection of groups. I have taken the liberty to turn them all out; you'll find them on the morning-room table; but I wish to remark, that if ever I find such things in my den again, I shall take severer measures with them."

"Some people would have considered their room to be embellished by them," I observed; "and really I think it was a delicate attention to hang your walls with pictures of your school-children."

"Was it intended as such?"

"She did not say it was," replied Valentine; "but if we had known you were coming home we should have taken them away."

"Well, I forgive the past, because it merely arose from utter forgetfulness of my existence. Stop, I am not quite ready—now."

He was now sitting again for the third time, the second portrait being pronounced by all too much like a brigand for private life.

The third was cheerful enough, and was said to be tolerably good, so Valentine entered the three in the book in which we recorded all these works of art.

"Giles Brandon, Esq., commonly called St. George:

"1. He sweetly dreameth.

"2. He says he won't.

"3. He smiles at fate."

He laughed when we showed him the entries, and asked if we had now done with him.

"Because, if I am supposed to have done my duty by my family, I shall be glad to go."

I said we had done with him, and he went away to his writing with alacrity.

The very next morning the expected letter arrived. It lay on my breakfast plate, and was not from Tom, but from my uncle; when I saw that, I had not courage to open it, but kept it till after break-

fast, and then ran up to my room, locked the door, took it out and began to read. The first sentence made me quite easy for the present about Tom.

"Dear Dorothea," it began, "Tom and I have been laying out some plans together for cruising off the coast of Iceland this summer." Perfectly right, I thought,—perfectly prudent of my uncle,—a very good thing to do; but I went on to the next sentence, and found that it was a kind of apology to me. He wanted Mrs. Brand,—could not very well get on without her,—was sorry on my account, as I should probably have wished to retain her; but I could get another maid. I should not want money. Of course I could see, being a girl of sense, that a five months' cruise away from England, and up so far north, was out of the question for me, but I should have my own way in choosing my home meanwhile. I might live with Miss Tott if I liked, for Tom had written to her, and she had no objection to have me. If I did not like, I was free to decline, for it had been left open.

I need not fret, and should not, he supposed, at what was inevitable: he could not give up Tom, and he could not have us both. His choice was therefore made, but I could settle in any place I liked, provided it was not Southampton; and then, when they wished to have me, or I wished to come on board, I could do so; in fact, I could always spend a few weeks on board when it suited me. This being settled, and I no doubt agreeing with him as to its desirability (in fact, if ever there was a girl of sense I was that girl), he should proceed to business, and tell me that he had paid into a certain bank, which he named, the sum of 180*l.*, which was to last me a year, and I was to draw it quarterly.

He intended always to allow me that sum, and should settle it on me, so as to make me independent of others, and even of himself. He did not say that he should leave me anything more in his will, and he did not say that he should not; all he wished was that I should not reckon on such a thing. If I married, no doubt I should do myself justice and marry prudently, and I was by all means to let him know beforehand; in the meantime I must be careful not to get into debt. He had heard from my father, who seemed to be very unsettled, and talked of going to California to look about him. Tom was well, and sent his love.

"And, my dear Dorothea," it concluded, "I am yours sincerely,  
"G. ROLLIN."

My impression is, that I read that letter over at least twenty times. I did not shed a tear over it; there was little in it to touch my feelings, only to agitate, disappoint, and shock me. I had lost my home, and was not to see my best friend for several months; but he was still good to me, and had provided for my comfort.



Again and again I read it; first I was foolish enough to think I could persuade him to change his mind, but as I reflected, and still continued my reading, I perceived the hopeless nature of such an attempt. To write a letter was a great undertaking for him, and he had not done all this without consideration, and as he thought necessity.

I might, if I chose, or if I could, believe that these changes would make but little practical difference to me, for was I not told that I could express my wish to come on board, or that they could write for me? But would they? I remembered Ipswich, and my heart sank, but still I shed no tears. Indeed, this was no new thing—I was quite used to it; but there was this difference, that I might now be my own mistress, live where I pleased, and occupy myself as I chose. But my uncle! he had been good to me, kind to me, even fond of me, I thought of that, and that I had lost him, and tears began to choke me. But I did not cry long: the restraint and discipline of so many years at school had at least the effect of enabling me to command myself. I sobbed a little while with passionate regret and yearning, and then dried my eyes, feeling that now it behoved me to act, and to do it immediately.

What, then, did I mean to do? I was entirely free to do as I chose. I alone was responsible. Reason and conscience told me that I ought to go—that I must not take undue advantage of the hospitality which had been so kindly extended to me. But then I longed to remain: my floating home was a home no more; everything else that I cared for was under the roof which now sheltered me; and I longed to remain in it a little longer—just a little while—and not banish myself from it perhaps for ever.

I sat down to think this over, and had little doubt that Mr. Brandon knew of the plan which had just been unfolded to me. And yet he had treated me with particular indifference ever since his return. He was now the only member of the family who called me "Miss Graham;" and once or twice, when I had been talking, he had smiled in a way that gave me pain. It was like the smile of one who, from his vantage-ground of superiority, is pleased and amused with the conversation of a child.

It was a glorious morning. I saw Valentine, whose Greek I was neglecting for the first time, idly wandering on the lawn, and gardening among the flower-beds; Lou was pacing the gravel-walks with her lover; Liz was sitting on a bench, reading a novel; and across the fields, in the distance, I saw Mr. Mortimer and Giles approaching. This was just what they would all do, and how they would all look, when I was gone. Of how little consequence I was to them! I had no family to belong to, nothing and no one to whom I could devote myself! Oh, what should I, what could I do?

Thinking of this, tears came again; but I was too much astonished,

excited, and bewildered for weeping to last long. Thoughts began to crowd upon me: the perplexity of too much liberty made wild work with my pulses; that standing alone, and yet being obliged, as it were, to set off and walk instantly in some direction or other, tore my mind with conflicting emotions. I was like a person deserted on a wide common of green grass, with no paths and no object in sight, and yet the certainty that it must be traversed ere any place of shelter could be found.

Kneeling down, I tried to pray, but my mind was confused, and became more so every moment; but I was alive to what passed, for I heard the lunch-bell ring, and thinking that it would be easier for me to meet the family in the garden than at table, I put on my bonnet, took my parasol, and ran down the back staircase, and through the court-yard, into the shrubbery, from whence I emerged, and approached the group as quietly as I could.

Something in the manner of more than one made me think that the contents of my letter were known. They did not cease to talk, and took no direct notice of me, but allowed me to mingle with them, till, gradually and quite naturally, I became involved in the discussion which was going on, and we all walked in to luncheon together. But here my desired self-possession gave way. Liz said, in a sympathising tone, "Come, and sit by me, dear."

"No, I say that's a shame!" exclaimed Valentine; "this is her place. Sit by me, D. dear."

Whereupon I found myself, before I knew what I was about, hurrying away from the table, sobbing, and covering my face with my hands. I heard Giles say, "You stupid fellow!" to Valentine; I heard Mrs. Henfrey scold somebody else; and in a minute or two, without knowing exactly how I got there, I found myself standing in the smoking-room, shivering, and declaring that I was determined not to faint—I could help it, I was sure, and I would.

"Never mind if you do, dear," began Valentine; "we shall not think it at all silly of you."

"Be quiet!" whispered Mr. Brandon: "that's not the style of thing to say! Now, Miss Graham, sit by the window. Here is water. Hold it to her lips, Val. You wish to command yourself, of course?"

"Of course!" I repeated.

"And you are better already. See, here is your maid!"

I now first observed that I was entirely abandoned by the female part of the family, and this did a great deal to restore me; far more than Mrs. Brand did, though I was straightway left for her to do her best with me.

I could soon walk upstairs, and oblige myself to eat and drink. I had a sort of notion that it was humiliating to be hysterical, or, at least, a sign of weakness, in which the mind bore its part as well as

the frame, so I struggled against my sensations with such vigour as I believe helped to keep them off.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Brand, when she came in with some jelly, "what tender-hearted ladies these are, to be sure! Miss Grant as near as possible went off into hysterics when you turned faint; and Miss Elizabeth, when I asked if she would like to come and sit with you, was all of a tremble, and said she couldn't on any account."

I stayed in my room all that day, and performed what I found the rather difficult task of telling Mrs. Brand the contents of my uncle's letter.

Mrs. Brand was more philosophical over my troubles than she usually was over her own. "It was a disappointment, certainly; but, dear me, people had disappointments in this world, and must look to have them, ma'am."

At night, when I was going to bed, she remarked that she supposed I could spare her in a day or two. I said "Yes;" and being by this means brought to some practical thoughts, I found myself better during the evening. I had exhausted myself with crying over my lost home, and now, weary and sick at heart, I fell sound asleep, and woke in the morning quite well in health, and able to consider what I should do.

I have often thought that when some trial or disappointment is inevitable, settled, and not to be stirred by anything that those can do who have to bear it, one of the chief sources of its power is removed. It is what we think might possibly have *been* otherwise if we had *done* otherwise—what might now be possibly removed if we only knew how to remove it—what is doubtful as to result—what is complicated with uncertainties and calls for action on our part, while yet we cannot decide what that action should be—what calls for discretion and demands vigilance, which can harass the mind and most effectually destroy its peace. None of these disadvantages beset my trouble, and the only circumstance which might have been altered if I had had time to plead for it, was that I might have been able to take leave of Tom and my uncle, which I now found they did not wish me to do, for my uncle had not mentioned to me what port he should touch at, to take Mrs. Brand on board; and when I questioned her, I found that she had received her own instructions, and knew in what direction to proceed, though I knew nothing. I was aware how much they both dreaded scenes, so I easily understood the motive for this reserve.

Mrs. Henfrey very kindly came into my room before I went down next morning. She kissed me, and said they knew that I had now to fix upon a home, and Mr. Mortimer hoped I would not think of leaving his house for at least a fortnight. Having now no wishes to consult but my own, I accepted the invitation, and felt glad to have that short time in which to settle my plans. It was something definite, too—far pleasanter than the most cordial proffers of hospitality with no

fired limit ; and, as I went downstairs with her, I felt how good they had been to me, and how glad I was to stay a little longer.

After breakfast, Mrs. Brand showed me my uncle's letter to her. As soon as I could spare her, she was to repair to Weymouth. The "Curlew" was lying in Portland Roads : she was to take a boat and come out to her. I found that she had already packed up her boxes, and found, also, that my uncle really did wish me not to appear with her, so I said she might go that very morning.

When it was time for her to start, I gave her a keepsake, and kissed her, charging her to write whenever she could. We both shed a few tears ; and, when she was gone, I felt that now I was indeed utterly alone, and must begin to consider my plans in good earnest.

To this end I wrote to Mrs. Mompesson, told her that I now wished for a home, mentioned what I could give for it, and asked her whether she could recommend one. Without asking her to let me live in her house, I said enough to show that the simplest way of living would satisfy me, and I gave her a good opportunity to have me as a boarder, if she and her husband wished it ; and as they were poor, I hoped they would wish it. The answer was from him, a long kind letter. Nothing would have pleased them so much as to have made a home for me themselves ; but they had no spare room, for the house was filled with their children and pupils. That was the only house I could have made a home of, for I loved its master, and knew that I could love his wife and children. It was for his sake that I had wished to live in the country, and my thoughts, on reading his letter, took an entirely new direction. I knew I could go to Miss Tott, if I chose ; but I did not like the notion, and I did not know, with 180*l.* a year, whether I was rich or poor.

I talked to Mrs. Henfrey on the subject ; but I found her information to the last degree vague and unsatisfactory. I talked to Liz ; but she evidently knew nothing, for she spoke of keeping a pony and a boy, which I thought must be out of the question. Lou, of course was absorbed in other matters.

So I tried Valentine, taking care to choose a time when Giles was present, for I had formed a tolerably distinct plan, and I wished to see in what light he would regard it, and whether he would think it preposterous. I had to wait some days, for Giles very seldom was present ; at last I found a good time, and, beginning to talk with Valentine, he fell into the little trap I had laid for him.

"What would you do, Giles," asked Valentine, "if you had 180*l.* a year, and were a young lady?"

"That would depend on whether I cared most for domestic pleasures, or for amusements, intellectual or otherwise."

"But, supposing domestic pleasures out of the question, as I think they are if one lives among perfect strangers, don't you consider the first thing to decide on would be whether you were rich or poor?"

"No, for that would be according to the life chosen. If you chose to do without a maid, and board with a quiet family in the country—say, a clergyman's—you might be rich, for you could easily be boarded for 90*l.* a year, and thus 90*l.* would remain for personal expenses."

"And I should be miserable! Perhaps I should not like the people; and, assuredly, I should not have half enough to do. I want to have lessons, and get a reading-ticket for some good library, and visit the poor, and see pictures, and hear lectures."

"Then you must live in London, and be extremely poor."

"Why so poor?"

"Because you must have a maid. No young lady can go about London, and attend libraries and lectures, and visit the poor, alone."

"I know it would be very unfashionable to walk about alone."

"It would not be *right*; you could not do it—that is to say, I believe your uncle would not approve."

"Then, what will a maid cost?"

"You could not be boarded in a quiet, private family, in the most unfashionable neighbourhood, with your maid, under 100*l.* a year, at the very least. Then, if your maid's wages were 25*l.*, that would only leave you 55*l.* a year for all your personal expenses, including dress, cabs, charity, travelling expenses, tickets for the coveted lectures, and money for the desired lessons—books, doctor's bill, if you should have one."

"I think that sounds something like happiness and hard work."

"Indeed! I thought it would sound like borrowing and sorrowing."

"Of course, I am aware that I know very little of life and of money."

"Very little, indeed," he answered, in a tone of pity.

"So, as I have absolutely no one at all to ask advice of, excepting you, I will tell you what my plan is; and if you are *sure* it cannot be carried out—if you *know* it cannot—why, then, perhaps I had better reconsider it."

"I am all attention."

"Then, there are three things that I wish to learn—wood-engraving, dress-making, and cooking."

Mr. Brandon's face expressed the utmost astonishment; but he said not a word.

"You have decided that I am to be very poor. In case I had been rich, I should have acted differently; but, if I proved to be poor, my plan was to *teach*, in order to earn money to learn. I must find a family of little boys, to whom I can teach Latin and Greek, for an hour or two every day. My maid will walk with me to the house—"

"Extraordinary!" interrupted Valentine.

"With the money I earn so, I can learn wood-engraving and dress-making. When I know enough of wood-engraving to practise it, and earn money by it also, I shall spend that in learning to cook—"

"Amazing!" said Valentine, changing his word.

"I shall then begin to lead a happy life; I shall have as much to do as I can do; and, being by that time a proficient in wood-cutting, I shall have a class of respectable girls, to whom I shall teach the art, and so make them independent—"

"Astounding!" cried Valentine, changing his word again.

Mr. Brandon stood stock-still, and said nothing.

"My maid will make my dress; for my reading, I shall go to the British Museum. Perhaps, in order to save money for concerts and lectures, I shall translate some French books, and I may, perhaps, write books for children. By that time I shall leave off taking lessons in wood-cutting altogether, and, still teaching my little boys, I shall have plenty of money to spend in laying in a stock of eatables; and I shall go to some industrial school, and offer to be *honorary cook* there, and teach the girls to make all sorts of nice stews and puddings, and soups and pies. I shall provide the materials; and, at first, I shall give away the dishes. I shall let the girls carry them home to their mothers; then the mothers and other poor women will come to learn. I shall charge a penny a lesson, and hire a kitchen, to concoct and cook the things in; and I shall give prizes of pies to those who learn fastest."

"Frantic!" exclaimed Valentine.

I had observed, for some moments past, that Mr. Brandon had difficulty in restraining a smile, which first showed itself in the corners of his mouth, and when he chased it thence, peeped out at his eyes. He, however, did not say anything disrespectful concerning my plans; but, when I ceased to speak, remarked that he was afraid—he hoped he might be mistaken—but he was afraid I was too sanguine.

"Then, if I am, and if I do no good, and derive no pleasure from all these things, only think what a desirable person I shall be for papa; if, when he grows older, he should send for me to go out to California."

"Ca-li-for-nia!" said Valentine, with unfeigned contempt.

"Yes, I am almost sure it will end in my going out to California."

"And I am *quite* sure, D. dear," replied Valentine, with extreme suavity, "that it will *not* end in your going out to California."

"Indeed!"

"For I, being your most intimate friend, and, as I may say, your most honoured adviser, you would naturally write to me first, and say, 'My valued compatriot, if I go out to this hole of a California, and dislike it, will you come and fetch me home again?' I should reply, 'No, I won't.' Consequently—"

"Consequently, she would get some other swain to do her that service!" interrupted Mr. Brandon.

"Consequently," I added, "I should go, determined to be pleased, and never to come home any more."

"Consequently!" burst in Valentine, after this double interruption, "she would think better of it, and remain at home; if she didn't—" here he paused, and shook his head in a menacing fashion.

"Be calm, my dear boy," said Giles, bantering him, "this peril seems imminent, but is not to be warded off by threats or warnings. The *Smilax simulata* is not a plant, as I have heard, that flourishes in those diggings—all ladies are 'remarkably eligible' there."

Seeing me look surprised, he added, "Those wallflowers, you perceive, grow in my garden now. I think it just as well you should know that anything you say to Valentine is sure to be in my possession the very next morning, by seven o'clock at the latest."

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#### CHAPTER XXV.

"In brief since I do purpose to marry I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it."—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

In a week I was to leave the hospitable house where I had been entertained so long. In a week I was to begin life for myself, and as yet I had arranged nothing but this, that I was to go to Miss Tott's for a fortnight, and stay longer if I chose. Valentine, always affectionate, always pleased to be with me, became more so as the time went on; there was a kind of brother and sister intimacy between us, which was partly the result of our being so much thrown together, and partly the result of his natural openness of temper and love of companionship.

"I say," he observed, as on the first day of this week we were sitting together, mounting our photographs, "if you want a maid, why don't you talk to Anne Molton—the workwoman, you know, who comes and makes things for Liz and Lou, and who mended your tarlatan dress when we tore it in the garden?"

"What makes you think she would suit?"

"Oh, Giles put it into my head. If she were your maid, as he remarked to me, you could learn dressmaking of her for nothing; and as you like Miss Dorinda so much, you would like Anne, for she is just like her."

"But would she like me and the sort of life she would lead with me?"

"You can ask her if you like; she is here now. I believe she would like, for she wants to leave this neighbourhood."

I went straight up-stairs to speak to this woman, the inducement to try and secure her being that she was like Miss Dorinda—like her,



as I hoped, in her chief characteristic, her contented piety and deep and yet calm reverence of heart.

She was seated at work in a spare bed-room, and I came in and sat down, telling her to give me a seam to run : as I worked I began to talk to her, and gradually unfolded my plan—my self-sufficient, benevolent, ignorant plan. She listened at first with surprise, then with some excitement of manner ; her plain, pale features grew intelligent, her great thin awkward figure stooped towards me attentively. I told her a little of my history, and her hands began to tremble over her needle and thread.

Happening to pause for a moment, I was surprised to find that, without looking at me, she wished in her turn to be the speaker ; she first spoke of her deficiencies : "She was not very quick with her dressmaking—she did not always manage to make such good fits as she could wish—but her desire was to work, 'Not with eye service, as pleasing men, but as to the Lord.'" I saw she had perceived my drift, and let her go on : "She wished to leave the neighbourhood, for she could hardly earn enough with her needle to keep her ; she did not wish to be a nurse, for she had never been used to children ; she had often prayed to the Lord to let her be of some use, for she did not feel that it was much use to be just earning bread enough for one's own mouth. She thought if she could be maid to a lady—such a one as gave up her time to good works—she might be a help to her in many ways. Miss Braithwaite had advised her to try for such a situation ; but of all places in the world she should like to go to London, there was such a wilderness of folks there, and so few to do anything for them." I saw that the plan had commended itself to her, and that she would follow my fortunes if I would let her. I asked what wages she would expect, and she said :

"Oh, ma'am, I will take whatever you can afford."

I did not in the least expect to fail, therefore I never warned her that she might find the life she was choosing very different from that my excited fancy had pictured,—on the contrary, warming with her excitement and kindling with her enthusiasm, I went from one scheme to another, till when I at last said, "Do you think you should like such a life?" she replied, "Yes, ma'am ; I have always thought it would be a blessed thing to have anything to do for HIM."

But quiet as her voice was, almost blissful in its serene hopefulness, I saw at once that the love which had prompted those words was something I had never attained to, the gratitude was far more real, the motives were more pure.

As for me, the craving desire for action had been one reason why I had made these benevolent plans. I wanted this kindness bestowed, to stand me, if it would, in the stead of kindness no longer received ; I wanted that others should depend on me, and so appease my heart for the loss of my brother and my home ; I wanted soon to be able to



forget this very visit ; I had certainly not made any friend by it, and I began to perceive very plainly that I had lost one. What a happy thing it was for me that I secured Anne Molton ! what would have become of me and my plans but for her good sense and good principles !

When I had secured her services, I went down again, but found no one in the drawing-room, excepting Mr. Mortimer, and he, though polite, was generally so distant to me now, that I was glad to withdraw and go down into the garden, where I found the family.

Giles and Valentine were busy converting an arbour into a dark chamber, by means of oil-cloth and boards ; but when the latter saw me, he left his brother to finish the work and made off to my retreat, which was a low seat under the shadow of some laurels.

Giles, with his coat off, continued to hammer away at the chamber ; Valentine took a knife and began to cut a little frame for one of the photographs.

"I say, D.," he observed quietly, and as if there was nothing particular in the remark—"I say, D., what fun it would be if you and I were engaged !"

"I wish you would not talk such nonsense ; I do not approve of it, and it does not amuse me at all."

"I did not mean it should. I meant it quite seriously. You are nearly twenty, I am now in my twentieth year ; why shouldn't we be engaged if we please ?"

"If we please, certainly, but one of us does not please."

"You don't know how you should like it till you try ! Suppose now we agree to be engaged for six months, and see how we like it ? You won't ? Well, say a week, then ?"

"No ; I would not for an hour."

"Why not ?"

"Because I do not particularly care for you ; because you do not particularly care for me ; and because I have no particular wish to make Prentice miserable !"

"Prentice," he burst out, "has nothing to do with this ! it's entirely a case of *spontaneous combustion* on my part. He did nothing to fan the flame. I shall be so horridly dull when you are gone, I shall not know what to do. Come, I will make you another proposition ; I will be engaged to you, but you shall be free."

"That is impossible ! An engagement must be a mutual thing."

"It need not be, that I see. Well, D., as you are so obliging as to permit it—indeed I do not see how you can help it—I hereby record my intention, and my circumstances. I shall have a thousand pounds when Giles has given it to me ; and shortly after I am of age, if he will but let me go to Cambridge, I shall have a Bachelor's degree. Such are my prospects ; I lay them at your feet ; I am an engaged man."

"What frantic nonsense!"

"And you are quite free. Now, don't look so furious—don't, or Giles will see it! I shall hang four-and-twenty of the best of the portraits of you round my room, and I shall wear one in each waistcoat pocket. I shall kiss your Greek lexicon every day, and heave up two sighs over the happy past. Dear me, how pleasant it is to be engaged! We shall correspond, of course? What do you think Giles said to me this morning? why that I did not treat the girls who visit us with sufficient respect. That my manner was too jocose and too careless."

"Did he mention me in particular?"

"Yes, among others. Our beloved Giles has some queer notions as to the deference which is due to ladies, and inseparable from true regard. He says I am rude sometimes, and also exacting."

"I quite agree with him."

"So I told him. I remarked that you had several times made the same observation yourself."

"And what was his reply?"

"Oh, a great deal that was not at all to the purpose; but as I did nothing but laugh, he became furious and we had a short quarrel, after which—"

"After which you made it up, and shook hands?" I suggested, for I wanted him to tell me some more.

"Shook hands!" he repeated with scorn. "There was no occasion for that; in real life men don't quarrel and make it up as they do in books. *Scene for the Novel*:—"O brother of my heart!" he exclaimed, "guide of my tender infancy, let not cold disdain or irritating chaff part true spirits." Then he flung himself on the manly breast of his brother, who strained him to his heart; they wept, and the latter imprinted a fraternal kiss on his ample brow.' Let me see how many years it is since I kissed Giles. Not since he went to New Zealand, I think, and I wouldn't have done it then *on any account* if there had been anybody to look on. No, we didn't shake hands, but we are all right again."

It was the day before I was to go to London. Some of my boxes were packed, and Anne Molton was sitting in my room occupied with needlework. Valentine and I were about to read our Greek together, when Mr. Mortimer came into the drawing-room, and saying that he hoped I would excuse his interrupting us, began to unfold to Valentine a plan by which I perceived that he would be absent for that day and night, and would not return till an hour or so before the time of my departure. Mr. Mortimer had a letter in his hand. I thought it could just as easily have gone by post, but he seemed determined that it should go to his friend across the country by hand, and that hand Valentine's.

Valentine looked a little sulky, and also a little sheepish. A

suspicion certainly did cross my mind to the effect that this was done because Mr. Mortimer thought his son took rather too much interest in me, and wished to detach him from my side ; but if he did think this it was rather too late to act, when I was so near the time of departure.

Valentine went his way. I was left with Mrs. Henfrey till luncheon time, and after that meal, as Lou and Captain Walker went out for a drive, and visitors arrived who had to be entertained, I found myself alone, and put on my bonnet, resolving to go and take leave of Miss Braithwaite.

I had never been there alone before, but the way was pleasant, there being nothing between the grounds of the two houses but some fields. Miss Dorinda Braithwaite had exercised more influence over me than I was aware of at the time, and I wanted to consult her about some of my plans. She was very kind that day, and as I sat by her she drew me on to talk to her. Her words at first were a comment on that text, "If ye know those things, happy are ye if ye do them." But that subject can be discussed by many people, and does not involve much that is confidential or difficult to unfold. Another succeeded ; and to my own surprise I found myself telling her how I had sat on Mr. Mompesson's knee in the roof of the Minster, and he had told me for the first time the wonderful story of the world's redemption.

I sat with Miss Braithwaite some time, and came away much the better for her advice and cheerful conversation. I walked briskly, till I came to the little wood which skirted Mr. Mortimer's grounds, and there sat down to enjoy its beauty, and to think.

I had come to the same place where we had sat and talked before when the trees were bare ; they were covered with leaves now, and the ground was carpeted with woodruffe.

I leaned my cheek upon my hand, many thoughts passed through my mind, my eyes were fixed on the little tinkling dancing brook that flowed past my feet, and I remember indulging a vague wonder as to where it was going, and where I was going. London was the *name* of the place where I was going. I began to feel that I knew little else respecting it, and scarcely anything of the life that I should lead there.

I looked up on hearing a slight noise, and saw Mr. Brandon approaching me ; but I did not move, and as he stepped over the brook, he said, "I supposed I should find you here."

He sat down and remained some moments perfectly silent ; at last he said, in a tone almost as dreamy as my own thoughts, "What have you been thinking of this afternoon, as you sat here all alone ?"

I answered, "The wood is full of spirits ; you said it would be some day. My thoughts were about *them*."

He was again silent. The wood-doves were cooing, and the flickering sunshine played on the ground ; but I was in no humour to speak

first. I had nothing to say. When he did speak, it was in a perfectly different tone, cheerful and matter-of-fact.

"I believe you have chosen a very busy life for yourself; consequently if you have any vague fears that time may change into certainties——"

Absolute silence again. He made no attempt whatever to conclude his sentence, and did not look at me, but beyond, upon the slope covered with blue flowers.

I also looked straight before me, and began to feel a strange agitation; his having come to find me was unusual, and I wondered what he had to say.

Still propping my chin on my hand I listened to the cooing of the doves, and felt the sweet air and sunshine.

His last words were, "I dare say you think it singular—singular that I should come out here to disturb your reverie. I have not done so willingly; nothing but a desire to prevent future mistakes, and perhaps future troubles, could have induced me to take upon myself this task."

As he stopped I involuntarily said, "What task, Mr. Brandon?"

"I myself," he went on, heedless of my interruption, "have suffered much from a trouble which—which I do not say will ever be yours. I do not say that you are laying the foundations for it deep and strong; I do not even say that there is any such tenacity in your memory, or strength in your heart, as may be likely to make such a trouble long and burdensome; but——"

What could he mean? he spoke with deliberate steadiness, like a man who has made up his mind to a certain task, but does not like it; and here he paused as if expecting me to reply, but I had nothing to say. All sorts of vague fears floated through my mind as to what might be his meaning, but I did not utter one of them, and when the silence grew oppressive I broke it by making some remark about the beauty of the wood.

If he heard he took no notice; his face, though naturally without any ruddy hues, was capable of a sudden flush for a moment. I saw this dawn and wane again as he went on in an embarrassed manner—"But when I reflect that your acquaintance with me has been the cause of your coming here, and of what I perceive to have followed, and when I call to mind how few friends you have—perhaps no advisers—and how little you can know of life or of yourself, I feel that I owe you some duty, though it is a difficult one for me to perform, for after all there is some risk. It is possible that I may be mistaken, but you have alluded to my words, that there are spirits in the wood. Well, if I am going to offend, perhaps to wound you, that allusion reminds me how best to do what I have to do. It will give me my share of the pain. I shall not inflict more than I shall endure."

Every time he spoke he began almost cheerfully and quite steadily, but he faltered as he went on, and ended with evident agitation. I could still find no answer, but when he paused was curiously conscious of the cooing of the doves, the babbling of the brook, and the flicker of sunbeams dropping through gaps in the foliage, and wandering over my gown and my hands.

Whether he was waiting till I should ask him to explain himself, or only till he could decide what to say, I did not know, but now a silence followed, which was long enough for a world of thought, and wonder, and perturbation. He had said that he himself had suffered much, and that he wished to prevent future mistakes, and the same kind of suffering on my part. He had hinted before of his love for that lady who had held his flowers so carelessly. The nature of his past trouble was therefore evident, but why had he taken it for a text on which to preach warnings to me?

Tom had often told me that my manners were too humble, too gentle and conciliatory. "When you say anything that you fancy may displease, you always entreat forgiveness with your eyes," he had once said to me. I had stayed a long time at Wigfield. I had been in his way. Had I entreated forgiveness of St. George?—even if I had, what could he mean by this? He was approaching some subject vaguely, his words were ambiguous. They sharpened my senses, they were even a terror to me, because he himself was so embarrassed and so out of countenance. Could I believe that he was not satisfied with having left me, with having scarcely spoken to me since his return? Was it possible that any man in his senses could think it needful to give me yet stronger hints than these? And if he did?

As a planet struck suddenly by some resistless force, and made to whirl on with a wilder motion, so that the great clock of her time would take to beating faster, finding it hard to keep count, while she devoured the awful miles of her oval, I seemed to be suddenly sent on to rush over a great piece of my life in a moment, to be thinking faster and seeing deeper, seizing on things as they whirled by, and understanding what they meant, and what they were.

First, I thought, could he mean to warn me about Valentine? No, I constantly sparred with Valentine and frequently snubbed him; he was fond of me, sociable and easy, but a world of boyish impertinence mingled with his compliments; even these were almost always jokes, and that St. George knew quite well. I was obliged to dismiss that possibility. Then I thought of all I most loved—that brother who had always been dearer to me than anything that breathed. He was so still. I felt that if I could get back to him and the old man who had indulged me, and loved to see me happy, I would thankfully, though not without a pang, have turned my face from this St. George for ever. I did not care for him and love him, then? Yes, very much;

I knew in a moment that he stood next to these. Considering that he had made it hard for me to understand him, and that his great reserve excluded me from the springs of his higher life, I think it was strange I did not love him wholly, for these things kept me often thinking about him, but then I could not now altogether approve of him, and his conduct in taking Tom away had cost me my home. Yet, as he was still silent, I felt there must be something coming that I should intensely dislike to hear. If it was a reproof, what could it be about? Since he had taken Tom from me, I had felt painfully humble. I belonged to no one, none wanted me. I could not stand against this, I felt compelled to lower my self-esteem to the level of other people's estimate, and I would not speak lest I should draw him on, or help him on. But now supposing he did mean, if he could, to touch on my feelings towards himself, what could I do? I had only that minute found out how dear he was to me; could I possibly make up my mind to answer, to excuse myself, to explain? Certainly not, I would rather let him think what he pleased. But in a few minutes I gathered courage, and better sense (as I then thought) came to my aid, and I brought myself to believe that whatever he wanted to say, it could not possibly concern my feelings toward himself. What object could he have in doing so, unless he thought I loved him? and if he did, surely he was the last man to commit such an intolerable blunder as to dare to lecture me about it. He was sensitive—more than that, he was manly, and in the truest sense of the word he was a gentleman.

Thinking on this during the long silence, my heart began to beat more calmly, and the painful flush on forehead and cheek subsided.

He had sat by me so absolutely silent and motionless that at last I was impelled to turn my head and look at him; he also looked ill at ease, and very much embarrassed, but when he met my eyes he resumed his steady, his almost cheerful manner, and as if he had been waiting till I could rouse myself, he said, immediately—

“Have you been to Wigfield?”

“Yes.”

“When that tree was younger—that plane-tree which grows on the opposite side of the slope was ten years younger, the roof and some of the windows of Wigfield Grange were visible above its boughs, and almost every day I used to come to this spot to look at them. Did Miss Dorinda ever mention her sister to you?”

“The sister who died? Yes.”

“The sister who died. I think I see her now, and scorn myself and my folly. I was a youth of nineteen, and she, a dark tall woman, past her early bloom, but splendid in her mature beauty. She was thirteen years my senior. She was haughty, decided, and full of womanly dignity. She used often to come to this slope and sit here reading with her poor crippled sister. From a child I had been ac-

customed to read and sing with her. She was fond of me; she used to chide me if I did not come. Sometimes, being but a boy, I was blunt and rude. She said she must teach me how to behave to her sex. She did teach me, and when I was little more than nineteen I had fallen in love with her.

"Anything else as unsuitable could hardly have been found if I had gone far and wide in search of it. She did not find out my infatuation. Dorinda did, and implored me to keep away. She said she knew this passion had not taken deep root, and begged me not to darken my youth with the shadow of such a deplorable mistake: those were her words—I often thought of them afterwards."

"Do not go on, Mr. Brandon; why should you? It distresses you."

"Why should I?—I must. I had loved her for love's sake only. I was so much younger than she that marriage with her hardly occurred to me. I was contented with my present. To be with her and hear her speak was bliss enough. One day, as I sat here dreaming of her, she approached, and I was so amazed at her beauty and her superb air of careless sovereignty, that I remained dumb and motionless, gazing at her, till stopping close to me she looked down into my eyes that fell beneath hers, and laughed. 'You ridiculous boy!' she exclaimed, 'you are actually blushing; how dare you?'"

I turned my head and stole a glance at his face; it was reddened as if the shame of that moment was still rankling in his heart; his eyes flashed and he went on:

"I stammered out some excuse, in which her beauty bore a part. 'My beauty!' she replied. 'My beauty, indeed! Let me hear no more of this; the beauty that was born for you is now probably sobbing and crying over her French verbs, or daubing her cheeks with bread and treacle in the nursery.' She laughed again, but painfully, and then she said a great deal more that was scornful and almost insulting. But that could not stop me; on the contrary, when she began to shed tears of vexation and excitement, I was goaded on to make full confession of my love, to plead with her to think favourably of it, and to confess that I had cherished it for months. 'There,' she said, with a sigh of impatience, 'that is enough; get up. You indeed! Why I have kissed you dozens of times when you were a chubby little child. I had rejected the only man I ever cared for before you were seven years old. You! Go away, and learn to forget your folly.' That was during the long vacation. I did go away, and when I returned to Trinity I studied hard, but I did not forget her; when I had taken my degree I travelled, but still I did not forget her.

"When I was in my twenty-fourth year, coming home after a tour, I was told that she was ill. My secret had been well kept by the two sisters, and by myself, at their desire. My first glance at her



showed a change quite indescribable, but quite decisive. They moved her to Dawlish, and forgetting her scorn now, and only desiring to be soothed by the attentive tenderness of a love like mine, she asked me to follow her there, and I did."

"Stop, Mr. Brandon! why say any more?"

"There is not much more to say. She had been a very careless, indifferent person, very thoughtless for time, very reckless as regarded eternity, but during those miserable days and weeks,—miserable to her, for life was to be taken leave of, and to me because she was so dear to me,—Dorinda was like a good angel to us both. She told us the old story which we both knew so well, but which we had not comprehended or received; she unfolded to me the compensation of the Divine love, and calmed her with the tidings of peace and immortality."

"Don't tell me any more!—don't tell me any more!"

"Why not?"

I did not know, but his voice, so full of pathos and broken with short quick sighs, went straight to my heart. I had never felt how dear he was to me so plainly as I felt it then; and for the moment I thought that to have been the object of such a love on his part, and to have known it, I would willingly have laid down my head and died like that beautiful lady.

He went on and told me of her death, and how she had kissed him before she died, and thanked him for all his kindness to her; and then there was a silence, during which I trembled and wept, yet not without a certain sense of relief, that the recital which had troubled him and me so much was over. But why had it been told to me? Why had he been so resolutely bent on my knowing all about this his first love? This was obviously a prelude to something else, and yet that something was to offend me.

Yes, and it did offend me. It came after another pause.

"And all this is past. I was determined to tell it you; I have forced myself to do it, *in order that I might declare that it has past away*. I look back and acknowledge to myself that the rending away of that hope was far better for my happiness, even here, than its fulfilment could have been. I thank my God, notwithstanding, that I went through that affliction; it has enabled me to sympathize with trouble; it has made me stronger to endure what may yet be in store for me, and braver to take all comfort that may be left.

"To waste his best affection on the dead, and by perverse and cherished constancy to carry on a first mistake, to shut his heart against the blessings of a wife and a home, was not meant to be the lot of man. It is not the doom of man, if he will rise and do battle with it; no, nor the doom of woman either."

Silence once more, silence in my heart, which wondered at him,



and could not repeat to itself, but could only feel the chill of those words, "nor woman either."

The old alarm came back again stronger and more distinct than ever; now I saw, because I was forced to see it, that he had told me this story in order not only that I might apply it to myself, but that I might understand that I had to overlive my regard, because it was not reciprocal. But I was determined to make no answer; there was still, I thought, a chance that I might be mistaken. I should like to have risen and gone away then, but my limbs trembled, and more than that, I was arrested by a fresh surprise.

"Oh," he exclaimed, bringing his hand down heavily on a tree-stump beside him—"Oh, I never felt so like a sneak in my life!" and then almost directly he added, with the greatest gentleness, "If one person can get over such an attachment, another can."

I answered, "Yes." He had the mastery so completely then, that I could no longer, even in my mind, dispute his conviction,—but with the desperation of wounded self-respect, I clung to the hope that he would spare a woman's reserve from anything further; but no—he actually went on to say, "It would be affectation to pretend that I do not read your feelings; you can hardly expect that I should not read what is so plain—I, at least, whoever else is blind."

His voice became softer and more agitated, and as for me, my sensations were indescribable.

"It was a most unexpected revelation to me, I do most solemnly assure you, or I would not have let it go so far; but I do not want to excuse myself. I will think only of you: whatever you may think of me, and whatever I may think of myself at this moment, I am sure that I am right to speak, and tell you that your love is not returned. I am going away so soon—going to leave this country—that I am certain it is best to speak."

Shame choked me, but even at that pass I am sure I was as much shocked for him as for myself. Oh, why had I not found strength and courage to stop him? He was degrading and tearing himself down from the high place he had held in my fancy—in my heart; was not this to be a consummate, to be an odious, to be an intolerable prig? No, I supposed it could not be, because such a pang of pity and wounded affection made my heart bleed, that though the picture I had drawn of him in my thoughts was quite torn to pieces, I did not despise him even then.

Telling me to my face that I loved him, and must try to overcome my love! Every atom of womanly pride that I had in me was roused to revolt against him, but my heart struck against my side. The words were burning in me that longed to demand silence of him, but my tongue had so absolutely lost the art of utterance, that I sat beside him yearning to stop him, and almost frantic because I could not, while he went on to tell me that if love had been given and only

affectionate friendship returned, the sooner this was known the better. He made a movement then as if he would have taken my hand, but this was more than I could bear, and I recovered strength to push his away, and turn aside my head. Very few men, I should think, have made such a mistake as this. Surely it must have been the greatest he ever made. He did not appear to resent my pushing away his hand, but he actually went on to say—

"I ought to have said all this before. I take shame to myself; but I did not know how great was the mischief that had been done. I did not suppose there was any danger in those trifling attentions, which now—which I now see to have been so wrong."

His regretful avowal of the mischief that he believed he had so unconsciously done—done with no effort worth mentioning—called from me some expression of the torture to which he was subjecting me; and all of a sudden he appeared to become aware of, and to be shocked at, the effect he was producing; and, taking me up in his arms, as carefully and apparently with as little effort as if I had been a child, he carried me down the slope to the little stream, and dipping his handkerchief in the water, wrung it out, and damped my forehead with it; then took up my hands and bathed them one after the other, by dipping his own into the water, and drawing mine through them.

A choking sensation, that could find neither words nor tears, almost overpowered me.

"Are you better now?" he asked

My soul naturally enough revolted against his sympathy. His face was very near mine, leaning over me with anxious solicitude; and I recovered strength to put out my hand, and with what little vigour I had to push it away. In doing so, the restraint that, like a girdle seemed to tie down my heart, gave way; and my pent-up feelings relieved themselves by a flow of passionate tears.

There was no need to consider what he might think or feel. He had treated me with no real mercy, with no respect; and if he had been ever so wrong in all his surmises, I felt that I should hardly have cared to tell him so.

I heard him mutter to himself that he was a fool, that he hated himself, that he had done ten times more harm than good. I assented to it all in my inmost heart; but I felt that the smart even of that moment was all the sharper because I was so ashamed of his wonderful blindness—his unmanly blindness—to what was due either to himself or to me.

But the more passionate the tears, and the keener the pang that causes them, the sooner they are dashed away. I soon recovered myself sufficiently to see that my tears had thoroughly frightened and subdued him. His forehead was crimsoned with self-reproach and embarrassment, and when I looked at him he could not meet my

eyes, but asked, with evident anxiety, whether I felt able to walk, and whether I would take his arm.

I said no; but that, if he would go on, I would shortly return alone.

Upon this he answered, with a sort of restless impatience, that he could not do that; I was not well enough to be left, and surely I did not mean to allow him no time to explain himself. He wished to assure me that he was aware he might possibly have been mistaken; and he hoped I would forgive him.

"I will forgive you," I managed to say, "if you will only be silent. I will not—I cannot—endure another word."

"You treat me," he replied, regardless of the condition, "as if I had presumed to accuse you of some great folly, or even of some grave fault."

"If you had," I replied, "no talking now could ever set it right. Do you think I am going to argue with you about this? No; you must think what you please; but, also, I shall think what I please."

"But," he still persisted, "I must be heard—I will be heard."

"Mr. Brandon, I will not hear another word of that, or of anything concerning it."

I was able to rise then, and begin to hurry away from him towards the house; but he easily kept beside me. And presently he said,—

"If I am not to talk of that, let me say something different."

As I made no objection, he added,—

"I may have no other opportunity for years. I want you to try, in spite of your present feelings, whether you cannot look upon me as your friend, and to believe that if you should ever want a friend, and I had no other desire to prove myself one, than that I might in some sort atone for the pain I have given you to-day, it would be sufficient to make me urgently long for the opportunity or the chance of doing so. Will you give me such a chance? Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Will you promise to think of me as your friend, and apply to me if I can be of use to you? Indeed, I have more power, far more power, than you suppose."

Yes; I knew he had Tom in his power; I knew of the struggle, and his victory; but apply to him!!

He looked at me for an answer, but I could not promise, for I knew that there were few emergencies under which it would not be more bitter to sue to him than to endure to the utmost. "You do not know," he said, deeply hurt, "the pain you are inflicting."

"I know you to be a very benevolent person," I answered; "I am quite aware that you like to be of service to people."

He made some gesture of momentary passion and irritation, but he

struggled with it, smoothed his brow, and said : "Therefore you will promise ?"

"I promise not to forget what you have said," I replied.

"And nothing more ?" he exclaimed.

I could not reply, and, after a long pause, he said, in the tone of one who felt himself injured,—

"Well, then, nothing is left me but to hope that you may not want a friend."

Not another word passed between us ; we walked on to the house, and parted at the door.

I went to my room, walked to the looking-glass, and found that my face was disfigured with crying ; it wanted two hours to dinner-time, so as I knew that I was not likely to be inquired for, I drew the curtains and lay down on the couch, bent upon hiding my emotion and letting the traces of it have time to disappear. I could not endure the thought of being questioned as to my paleness ; more than ever I wished to keep a cheerful face that evening.

It surprises me now to think how womanly pride triumphed over all other feelings ; for the sake of recovering my self-command, I contrived to smother the cruel pain that came whenever I thought of Mr. Brandon's behaviour to me, and I drove away all thoughts of self-pity with the powerful motive of keeping myself from further tears.

Such being the case, it was not wonderful that I could walk down to dinner with no trace of my passion of tears, beyond a little flush, which made Mrs. Henfrey say that I had tanned myself by sitting in the sun.

"Where's Brandon ?" asked Captain Walker.

"Why he's gone somewhere on business," she replied, in her quiet, slow tone ; "set off in such a hurry. But that's always his way ; he can do twice as much in the time as other people."

"That's an excuse," I thought to myself, "to account for absenting himself the last evening ;" but I was very glad of his absence, and more glad still when, after dinner, Mr. Tikey appeared, and with him the celebrated Prentice. With their aid we passed the evening very well ; Mr. Tikey talked to Mr. Mortimer ; Prentice made himself ridiculous in attempts to flirt with Liz ; and Mrs. Henfrey spent the time in giving me a vast deal of good advice of a vague, unpractical sort, which I listened to at intervals.

The two brothers did not return that night. Neither had returned the next morning when I came down to breakfast, and I earnestly hoped they would not be in time to meet me, for I felt that, if they were together, I would far rather see neither than be obliged to see both.

Rather earlier than there was any need for, the carriage came to the door, and I took leave of Mr. Mortimer, and Lou and her Captain,

and drove to the station with Mrs. Henfrey and Liz, and Anne Molton. Alas ! I had no sooner stepped on to the platform, than I saw Valentine and Mr. Brandon meeting us from the other side of the line.

Valentine came up to me with flushed cheeks and a sort of tender excitement in his eyes, which was quite a new expression for him. "I declare," he said, "I thought I should have been too late ;" and as he stood looking at me, I said to him, smiling, "Well, you seem very glad to see me on the point of departure, you recreant knight !"

He made me no answer, but held out his hand ; and when I took it, he led me to one of the carriages. "This is going to London," he said ; "get into it, D. dear !" Then he added, with boyish frankness, "I really had no idea at all how fond I was of you, till I was parted from you. I say, D., do get in ; if you don't, St. George will be coming to join us, perhaps."

A strong reason, indeed, to induce me to enter it ; and we had no sooner sat down, than he began to tell me how afraid he had been that he should not be in time to see me. He had said that already, and he next began to describe the dinner-party he had been at the night before, at his father's old friend ; how Giles had come in, and they had both gone together to sleep at John Mortimer's ; and Giles, in spite of his impatience, had stayed on, arguing that morning with John Mortimer, till he (Valentine) was sure they should miss the train. Then he paused, and I, with my mind full of other things, looked up at him, whereupon the boyish manner gave way to something more earnest, the cracked voice became rather tremulous, and the handsome young face flushed a beautiful red.

"D. dear," he said, "I've often asked you to be engaged to me, haven't I now ?"

"Yes, of course you have."

"Quite seriously ?"

"I don't know about that," I answered, and laughed.

"Well, perhaps it was partly for fun at first ; but it is not now, D. dear. I do assure you I should wish it if such a fellow as Prentice had never been born. So now I ask you, once for all, really and truly, and not in joke ; and you won't refuse, will you ? because that would be so—so ridiculous."

"So what ?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, bother," he replied, "I don't know how to do this sort of thing at all (hang Prentice, how did he manage it?)—I love you, though, just as much as if I did."

"I will not be engaged to you," I replied ; "really and truly, and not in joke, I will not ; but I should like that we should be very great friends, for I care for you, and I even love you, almost as if you were a relation of mine."

"I suppose you won't," he observed, "because you think I shall soon forget you. I shan't, though, I can tell you."

"No, don't; I should be sorry if you did. I shall never forget you, Valentine—never; and you cannot think how few people I have in the world to care for now."

"But we shall correspond then?"

"Oh yes, write often; and so will I."

"Very well; but, D. dear, there really is no mistake about your deciding you won't be engaged?"

"Certainly not; don't I always tell you I won't?"

"You know that *I* am engaged to *you*."

"I know you say you are, and I give you leave to break off that engagement as soon as you please. There is Liz—ask her to come and sit with us; I want to take leave of her."

Instead of that he put his head out, asked her to go and fetch Mrs. Henfrey, and, as soon as she was gone, said, if I loved him as much as I had said, I ought to give him a kiss.

I replied, that if he would *break off* his supposed engagement to me then and there, I would; and, with a good deal of laughter, he consented, and bent his fresh, boyish face towards me; whereupon I gave him a kiss, and felt no more inclined to blush on the occasion than if it had been Tom.

"There," he said, as he lifted up his head, "I've broken off the engagement—I've not only been engaged, but broken it off. Prentice shall know that before he is a day older! I've outdone him at last."

"Oh, Valentine!" I exclaimed, "how can you be so ridiculous?" But, at the same instant, Mrs. Henfrey and Liz appeared, Valentine left the carriage, Mr. Brandon put Anne Molton in; and I had no sooner taken leave of the two ladies, and noticed that Mr. Brandon looked very much out of countenance, than the train started, and, before I had had time to collect my thoughts, we were several miles from Wigfield.

(*To be continued.*)

JOHN MARDON, MARINER:  
HIS STRANGE ADVENTURES IN EL DORADO.

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PART II.

HOW JOHN MARDON FARED FORTH TO SEEK TREASURE, AND THE  
MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES THAT ENSUED.

.. LONG days and nights that gentle Maide  
Did nurse me in that Place of Shade.  
Cool Drinks she brought to soothe my drouth,  
And bright Fruits melting in the mouth,  
And Dewe in dark greene Leaves ;  
I sat and strengthened hour by hour,  
Feeling the stillness like a shower  
Sink to my Soul, while Fruite and Flower  
Hung golden down the Eaves.  
I wis, it was a peaceful Dreame ;  
Oft her dark beauty like a Beame  
Lay basking on the ground,  
And in mine Eyes her own would gleame,  
And fascinated she would seeme,  
Lost to all life around ;  
And with a wild imploring grace  
The Maide would look into my Face  
And in the wont of thy wild Race  
Steal nearer with no sound,  
And seize my Hand with Fingers light  
And lay it on her Bosom bright,  
To feel the bright heart bound !  
I watch'd her, as some Master might  
His dark and duteous hound !  
I mark'd her, as some lower thing,  
Beaste of the brake or Bird on wing,  
I saw her shine, I heard her sing,  
And loved the Light and Song,  
But only as we love in Spring,  
In a Greene Grove a-wandering,  
To mark the Lambkins gambolling,  
And hear the Woodland Throng.



And with her, while I stronger grew,  
 Her Father came, white-hair'd and tall :  
 Lean was this Wight and dark of hue,  
 Dried skin of Snake, parch'd bone and thew,  
 And hollow-cheek'd withal ;  
 Like to a Skeleton came he,  
 Or Idols gaunt hewn hideouslie,  
 And crawling near with blear'd ee  
 Would watch my Face and grin.  
 Yea, oft at Midnight I could see  
 His Bodie gliding close to me  
 Like to a Spectre thin.  
 I fear'd him, though I tried to smile,  
 I fear'd some hidden Indian guile,  
 And chill'd when he was near—  
 Poor harmless Worm—*he* never stung !  
 There was no Poison in his tongue ;  
 I had no cause for feare !

Under the Vijao-eaves I lay  
 One morn, still weak, and white, and frail,  
 And watch'd a Town long leagues away  
 Gleame, in a fissure of the Vale,—  
 A Town, 'mid jungle, brake, and fens,  
 Where round a Church with Roof and Tower,  
 Cluster'd the loathsome Indian Dens  
 Deep hid in Fruit and Flowers.  
 Afar it lay amid the heat  
 Glistening like salt below my feet,  
 But where I sat the Air was sweet  
 With Breezes of the Height ;  
 For 'mid a dark greene Mountain-Crest  
 The Hut hung like an Eagle's Nests  
 Far hid from human sight,—  
 And Torrents, white as a gull's breast,  
 Flash'd round it Day and Night.

There, hearkening to the Condor's cries,  
 Watching the bridle-path below,  
 I saw a lonely Rider rise,  
 Along the chasms crawling slow—  
 Now seen, now hidden from the eyes,  
 First, far away, of pigmy size,  
 But ledge by ledge I saw him grow—  
 Till thro' the Pine Wood, to the door  
 One rode, with wary pace and sure,

Upon a jet-black Beaste. . .  
I knew him White Man by his Skin ;  
And by his Garb and shaven Chin  
I knew him for a Priest.

With courteous bow and easy style,  
He spake me, in the Spanish tongue.  
Mild was his Face, ungloom'd by guile,  
A dark mild Face no longer young.  
Alighting with a nod and smile,  
The bridle to my Host he flung,  
And he . . . the Old Man gaunt and gray . . .  
Still grinning led the Beaste away,  
While, with a sharper scrutiny,  
The Stranger turned his Eyes on me.

Whence came I ? Country ? Name ? and why  
In such a secret Spot I stayed ?  
Questions I answer'd, or put by,  
Still covering with some specious Lie  
The truth of my black trade.  
Friendly, as Equals, there we talked,  
And I was charm'd to meet a Man,  
While in the Sun beside us walked  
That maiden Indian.

O let me haste, for Time speeds quick,  
My breath fails and my Soul is sick !  
That Day passed by and many more  
Follow'd, and daily to the door  
He came, and daily we sat there,  
Drinking the keen wild mountain air ;  
And daily far beneath us glowed  
The gleaming City whence he rode ;  
And daily with her Eyes of fire  
Around us moved the Indian Maide,  
While crouching on his hams her Sire  
Sat Sphinx-like in the Shade.

Then, by degrees, and day by day,  
The Priest his marvellous Story told,  
Of how amid the Hills there lay  
Strange Caverns, where the Incas-gray  
Had buried deep their Gold—  
Treasure on treasure, Store anew  
To make old Barabbas the Jew

## JOHN MARDON, MARINER.

(I' the play) go crazy at the view,  
 Tho' sick to death and cold,—  
 Ingots and Gems, and Bars and Rings,  
 Beyond the Mind's Imaginings,  
 Worth all the Riches of Earth's Kings,  
 A hundred thousand fold.  
 And "See!" said Vascar (so the Priest  
 Was styled), and gript me by the Wrist—  
 "See! yonder, crouching like a Beast,  
 With eyes that burn as Amethyste,  
 Sits Guayi. How his gaunt Jaw gleams!  
 Tho' dead as lead the Idiot seems,  
*His* feet have bathed in golden Streams,  
*His* bloodless Lips have kissed  
 The Ingots! He is dumb as stone,  
 Yet unto him, and him alone,  
 Is the immortal Secret known  
 Which, tho' a thousand Years have flown,  
 All mortal Men have missed!"

O curst is Gold! and who that worst  
 Of Poisons toucheth is accurst!  
 He filled my Blood with raging thirst,  
 He made my Head swim round.—  
 All night I dreamed of golden Bars,  
 Of glittering Gems and showering Stars,  
 Fierce Fever seized me, such as mars  
 The Spirit's peace profound.  
 Then, later when I would have sought  
 To force the Secret wonder-fraught  
 Out of the Old Man's Braine,  
 He, craftier, stayed me, quick as thought:  
 And "Often," said he, "have I sought  
 To snatch it, but in vaine!  
 He knows not feare, and can be bought  
 By no mere Greede of Gaine—  
 And what ye seek he well divines,  
 Albeit he stares with mindless face,  
 For well I know by many signs  
 He knows the wonderous Place;  
 Love and not Feare must win it forth;  
 Dearer to him than all the earth  
 Is Ala here his Child!" . .  
 She stood beside us; at the word,  
 Her name, she brightened,—yea, she heard,  
 And looked at *me*, and smiled!

“Already hast thou stirred strange Fire  
Within her passionate Breast—  
Still feed it ! fan the fierce desire !  
Then through the Daughter gain the Sire,  
And leave to Fate the rest !”  
I watched her face with thoughtful brow . . .  
Creeping up close (I see her now ! )  
My fatal hand she prest.

O 'twas a fire that needed nought  
Save one soft loving Breath from me,  
And lo ! it rose to Heaven and caught  
Brightness and Gladness, and flamed free !  
Backward I gaze, and sicken ! Yea,  
In a bright Silence night and daye,  
I lured her, till one passionate Raye  
Struck to mine own wild Soul :  
Her Beauty wafted me away,  
And by her side I loved to stray  
Where the white Waters roll—  
O Days ! O Dreams ! they pass me by,  
Like Storm-clouds drifting o'er the Skye !  
Soul struck to Soul, Eye spake to Eye,  
And I was loved indeede.  
White Mary shrive me, now I die !  
For half my loving was a lie,  
And deepe within me Thou did spye  
The glittering yellow Greede !

Something of Spanish speech she spake,—  
Enough (when love had thaw'd her Feare)  
To ease her eager Spirit's ache,  
And tell me . . . that she held me deare :  
Deare, verily, as Beasts that run,  
On the greene Lea and Sea-Sands dun  
Hold their strong Mates ; and verily  
She for the time was deare to me  
As aught beneath the Sun.  
Pleasant was Love, for Love's sake : still  
I hungering sought with eager will  
The visionary Gleame ;  
And as we sat beyond Man's reach  
In narrowing circles drew my Speech  
Unto the cherished theme ;  
And carelesslie at last, I told  
Of these strange Tales of hidden Gold

*JOHN MARDON, MARINER.*

Left, by the murder'd Tribes of old,  
Beyond all guess or dreame.

Pass over that ! pass over more !  
Shame sickens me to the Heart's core !  
So cunningly I wrought,  
That in the end she vowed, forsooth,  
To conjure from her Sire's grim Mouth  
The Secret that I sought.  
Days passed . . we waited . . and each day,  
Vascar the Priest rode past that way,  
And question'd with his Eye. . .  
More days . . I watch'd the Old Man's face. . .  
Strange trouble there I seemed to trace. . .  
The dull Smile faded . . in its place  
A Frown rose, dark and slye.

One Sunset, while the Hills were roll'd  
In one broad blaze of dizzie gold,  
And 'neath the eaves we White Men stood  
Watching the Crag's afire,  
Feeling deepe down within our blood  
The dark and dread Desire,  
On noiseless footsteps from the flood  
Of sunshine stole the Sire,  
Not smiling as of old, but *now*  
With Mysterie upon his brow !  
In his own Indian language he  
Accosted Vascar rapidlie,  
Who hearken'd, bound as by a spell,  
And Vascar, turning Eyes on me,  
Cried with a gleame of secret glee,  
" Confession ! All is well !"  
My Head reeled round . . my Eyes swam bright  
And dizzie in the golden Light,  
On Guayi's face I strain'd my sight  
As if to read his heart. . .  
While near us, searching mine for praise,  
Stood Ala in the golden haze,  
Her Face in shade, her Limbs ablaze—  
Her happy Lips apart.

Then swiftly, while that Face I read  
So dark, so strange, with crafty feare,  
He spake ; the Priest interpreted ;  
And I half swoon'd to hear . .

Long years had Guayi, he alone  
 Of all things living, seen and known,  
 The secret of the Cave,  
 Yet dared not, being one so meane,  
 Touch the wild Glories he had seen,  
 Too vast for such a Slave;  
 Long years had passed since, hurled by fate,  
 He reached those Regions desolate,  
 And saw within the Earth-seams great  
 The wondrous Treasure shine  
 Sun-shrouded; and tho' ne'er since then  
 His Feet had wandered back again,  
 He had fixed the Track upon his ken,  
 Each Landmark and each Sign.—  
 Enough!—"Twas ours . . if we would dare  
 The long and dreadful Journie there,  
 But first I by his Gods must swear  
 Ne'er to forsake his Childe. . .  
 But if we fled to some far Strand  
 To bear *them* with us from that Land . . .  
 I swear aloud . . she kissed my hand . .  
 'Twas done . . and Vascar smiled!

The Days broke by like Waves, the Nights  
 Swoon'd by like Clouds, as on the heights  
 In silence we prepared.  
 Nought further I remember plain . .  
 At Midnight, amid blinding Rain,  
 In silence, forth we fared.

Four. Guayi barefoot, who did leade  
 The leathern bridle of the Steede  
 Which bare the Maide and me,  
 I in the saddle, with mine arm  
 Wrapt tight around her clinging form;  
 Behind us, on his Mule, wrapt warm,  
 Priest Vascar watch'd the Three.  
 Four. In the rainy Midnight-tide  
 Silent and blind and haggard-eyed,  
 Forth, with that Skeleton for guide,  
 We sallied, silentlie.

All night against the Wind and Raine,  
 Wild fever flashing in the Braine,  
 Baffled and beaten, faint and faine,  
 We struggled, Beaste and Man—

## JOHN MARDON, MARINER.

Day broke—alone on a great Plaine  
 Where one Vast River to the Maine  
 With many a greene and slimy staine  
 Thro' the deep Marish ran—  
 No sign of Life rose anywhere,  
 And thro' the dark and dreadful air  
 The Sun stream'd white and wan.  
 Night came; we slept on beds of mud,  
 Stung by fierce insects to the blood,  
 Around the Watch-fires' glare:  
 One *watching*—Guayi, wide awake,  
 Lest the fell Tigress or the Snake  
 Should take us unaware:  
 One *happy*—Ala, sound at rest,  
 With dark Cheeke pillowed on my Breast;  
 Bright as a Bird in its warm Nest,  
 Tired out, without a care!

Dawne. Blazing gold of Heaven above,  
 A gold-paved Earth, a golden Air  
 For breathing. Onward did we move  
 Thro' the bright blinding Glare.  
 That day the fatal Snake whose back  
 Is marked with Crosses,\* o'er our track  
 Slipt hideouslie and fled;  
 And then into a Forest vast  
 Built on a mighty Swamp, we passed,  
 It quaked beneath our tread.  
 And mighty Trees with bright green cones,  
 Where Snakes with eyes like precious Stones  
 Swung twining, rose o'erhead;  
 The Parrots and the Monkies cried,  
 The Wood-doves coo'd from every side,  
 Poor Ala listen'd happy-eyed,  
 Singing an answer, while our Guide  
 Swift as a Serpent led—  
 Dense grew the Brake with luminous Flowers,  
 And glorious Fruit swam down in showers,  
 Gold, yellow, blue, and red—  
 And then we came to a greene Pass  
 Deepe to the breast in yellowe Grass,  
 And in the golden haze  
 Myriads of milk-white Butterflies  
 Cover'd the Swamp and hid the Skies,

\* *The Equis.*



And in the bright Sun's rayes  
Swam with a silent fall and slow,  
Making a visionary Snowe  
To cheat the blinded gaze.

Yet this was curst ; for, hear me swear,  
In the bright centre of the Glare  
I saw the Poison Spiders there,  
Weaving their silvern wire ;  
And thrice the Equis hissed at me,  
And thrice I saw the Puma flee ;  
At night I could not close an ee,  
But watched the Woods a-fire  
With glittering Worms and luminous Flies,  
And heark'd the Arrendajo's cries,  
And shiver'd thro' and thro',—  
For thick as Raine from the chill Skies  
Dript down the drenching Dewe.

The next day to a Land of Streams  
Again we came. On every hand  
They twisted in the morning Beams,  
With stagnant Pools made slimy Gleams  
O'er graves of Mud and Sand :  
Now slowly Guayi pick'd his way,  
Slow as a Snail doth creep,  
Watching the treacherous ground for aye  
For Pits and Quagmires deepe.  
Thro' Stream on Stream our course did leade,  
Some reached the Bellie of our Steede,  
And some he swam with desperate speede,  
While Guayi swimming led ;  
And when they reached the further shore  
Their lips with pain were foaming o'er,  
And Man and Beaste were speckled sore  
With Water Lice blood-red.  
That Night was as a Night in Hell !  
Thy Soul would sicken did I tell  
Of Toads and Bats and Scorpions fell,  
And speckled Spiders that did dwell  
All round our slimie Bed.

At last we saw, with famished eyes,  
The cloudless Cordilleras rise,  
Fringed with Forests dark ;  
Against the burning azure Skies,

Peak after Peak of giant size,  
 As far as Eye could mark.  
 The sight of the vast Mountains lent  
 New passion to our pale intent,  
 And on with swifter Feet we went,  
 Albeit the Ways were dire ;  
 For o'er the Vale where we did fare  
 Cataracts like Snakes sprang everywhere,  
 Twisting like Lightning down the bare  
 Craggs with a fierce desire,  
 Till on the low Lagoons they swam  
 With Rock and Tree and bleating Lamb  
 Hurl'd downward, foaming o'er each Dam  
 Of Boulder deep in mire.  
 Where'er we trod our path was barred  
 With scatter'd Trees and Rocks ;  
 Above our heads Craggs, seam'd and scarr'd,  
 Shook to the Torrent-shocks ;  
 So swift all round the Waters roll'd  
 The Braine swoon'd round to see ;  
 Yet still the Sun blazed bright as gold,  
 And still our Hearts were burning bold,  
 And still our Feet fell free. . .  
 Then thro' a Forest such as span  
 The fabled river Stygian,  
 We crawl'd our loathsome way,  
 And issuing thence our Path began  
 Thro' crags where seldom foot of Man  
 Had come before that day.  
 And o'er aerial passages,  
 O'er bridges made of mighty Trees  
 Up-rooted by the Blast,  
 Guayi still leading, swift as flees  
 A Phantom, we with quaking knees  
 Behind, all swiftly passed ;  
 Nor ever, as we sped so fleet,  
 To the Abysses at our feet  
 Our fearful Eyes were cast,  
 For 'neath our tread the Bridge did quake  
 With thunders of the Falls that break  
 Deepe down, one far-off foamy flake  
 Down the Abysses vast !

Ere this the Mule was dead, poor Beaste,  
 And, gloomie-brow'd, on trudged the Priest  
 A-foot with lips drawn tight,

Save when I walked, and on my Steede,  
That never shook or slacken'd speed,  
He rode ; while swift and bright  
Ala before us, like a freed  
Wild Bird, took happy flight ;  
She sang above us sweet and loud,  
Like a Larke singing in a cloud,  
While sunshine, shimmering thro' a shroud  
Of Waters snowy white,  
Made Rainbows round her overhead ;  
And up and on with fearless tread,  
Suspended in the air, she sped,  
And sang from Height to Height.

Yet how we fared, and how unscarr'd  
We passed thro' Regions such as these,  
By golden Days and Midnights starr'd  
With golden Orbs as thick as bees  
Thick shining thro' the Crag and Trees,  
I wis not ; but old Guayi knew  
Where cool Springs rose and pure Fruits grew,  
And how to snare the Crag-birds blue,  
Whose flesh is dainty fare ;  
And onward Day by Day we grew,  
Still onward unaware.  
At last, out of the Scenes where surged  
The loosen'd Cataracts, we emerged  
Upon a Lande of Plaines  
High up in air,—an emerald Lande  
Of Grass and Flowers, by sweet Winds fann'd,  
And cool'd by pleasant Raines.  
Here strange-shaped Sheepe as huge as Kine \*  
Fed in vast Flocks, with Woole as fine  
As is the thread the Silk-Wormes twine,  
And here were strange sweet Birds.  
And here we rested well and long,  
And felt renew'd and glad and strong,  
Yea seem'd as Shepherds, free from wrong,  
Who sit with Crooks and sing a song,  
And watch their peaceful Herds.†

\* The Llamas.

† The conclusion of "John Mardon" is, from its length, unavoidably postponed to our next No.—Ed. *St. Pauls Magazine*.

## FILICAIA.

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THE reader of Ranke's "Lives of the Popes" is apt to close the book with a feeling of disappointment. There is something discouraging in the apparent result of the religious contests of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when surveyed from the close of the latest of the two. The severance between Teutonic and Latin Christianity, now at length complete, is seen to have left some unsightly scars upon the former, but to have inflicted deadly wounds on the latter. No Italian or Spaniard now worships the God of his fathers after the way that the Council of Trent calls heresy; and every Frenchman who dares to do so braves severe penalties,—exile or the lingering death of the galleys. On the other hand, many an Englishman has learned to identify real religion with opposition to Popery. But has either resistance or submission to the professed Vicar of Christ brought men any nearer to the possession of Christ's spirit? Let the private memoirs of the court of Lewis the Fourteenth, or the public record of his ambitious and unjust wars, make answer, as to the spiritual state of that Gallican church of which he is the virtual head. In France, as in England, at the close of the seventeenth century the power of the State over the Church proves an unhealthy influence. A Fénelon persecuted in the former, a Ken driven from his bishopric in the latter, testify how little is real saintliness appreciated by the rulers of those countries. The deep interest in religious subjects which all classes showed in both lands for nearly a century and a half, has subsided. In France the descendants of the men who bled at Moncontour and at Ivry listen (or not) in the court chapel to discourses resplendent with brilliant eloquence, but in which moral lessons tend ever more and more to replace dogmatic instruction; while in England latitudinarian teachers charm the ears, but leave untouched the hearts, of men whose fathers fell at Naseby, whose forefathers went to the stake at Smithfield, for the truths which to a Burnet or a Tillotson seem comparatively so unimportant. In either country the rising generation is training but poorly for the coming encounter with a Bolingbroke or a Voltaire.

But in England, it may be said, the Papal authority is a vanished dream, in France a name rather than a reality: these are not fair examples. Is, then, the state of those countries where it still subsists in undiminished power more hopeful? What is the result of Loyola's bold onslaught on the Reformation, in the land which sent him to the rescue of the endangered Papacy? The answer is written in blood shed by the Inquisition; in the slow decay of a nation; in the works of casuists who sap the morality of a people, and force a cry, loud in its

indignation, from the pious lips of a Pascal. We seek some evidence of better things in the pages of the religious Calderon: his faith delights us in his Autos, if their superstition at times repels us; but what a state of society his plays set before us! what a condition of the common people after centuries of struggles for the truth! Men who shrink from dishonour, but have no fear of sin; ready to stab wife or sister to the heart, for doing what they have no scruple in themselves persuading the sister of their dearest friend to do; the cross exalted above expelled Jew, defeated Moor, and tortured heretic, only to prove the refuge of the assassin who had honoured it with a merely external devotion!\*

From a land so Christian by profession, so unchristian by practice, we turn at last to the supposed citadel of the faith—to Italy. . . What do we see there? This Pope, encircled, as by a prætorian guard, by the band of formidable defenders bequeathed to him by the chivalrous Spaniard, is he conducting himself like a true Vicar of Christ? These cardinals and bishops who form his council, are they seen striving together with one accord for the faith of Christ? The most zealous Romanist cannot answer, Yes. The grosser scandals of the fifteenth century have indeed disappeared. The voice of Luther has been heard on this point by those who rejected his doctrine; but it is, for the most part, the spirit of covetousness or of ambition which has cast out the spirit of uncleanness. A Pope who openly subordinates spiritual to temporal interests, who does not hesitate on secular accounts to thwart, in secret, enterprises designed for the good of the Church, may be more reputable, but scarcely a truer representative of the mind of Christ than Borgia himself. Cardinals and bishops given up to intrigues which would disgrace the courtiers of a Charles or a Lewis, choosing their Pope from considerations of every kind but the religious, profess in vain to occupy thrones as judges of the spiritual Israel; and present a ghastly mockery of that promised kingdom, which, so far as they could, they have transformed into the likeness of those kingdoms of this world which it was to have superseded.

We have had a mournful picture of the religious state of Italy at the close of the seventeenth century, presented to us of late in Mr. Browning's last work, "The Ring and the Book"—a picture which, we fear, is a very correct one. It sets before us much zeal for the name of the faith combined with total disregard to its influence, great punctuality in religious observances united with almost absolute indifference to the real service of God; and embodies dramatically the sum of the deplorable account in the despairing exclamation of a Pope who happens also to be a good Christian—

"Well, is the thing we see salvation?"

And yet, though the current was then setting strongly in the wrong

\* See Calderon's "Devocion de la Cruz."

direction, not to ebb again for another hundred years, though the eighteenth century was to be to England a "wasted opportunity for good," to France a treasuring up of wrath against the day of wrath in the Revolution, to southern Europe a dreary and barren desert as to spiritual things, yet is the Church never wholly without witnesses of her Lord's presence ; in her, as in Israel of old, the seven thousand who have not bowed their knee to idols are not wanting even in the darkest hours. The good old Pope described to us in the "Ring and the Book," is a seasonable recognition of this truth on the part of its gifted author. We have personally found relief from the gloomy recollections summoned up by its perusal, in the contemplation of a real character cotemporary with the actors in that tragic tale of sin and misery. No bishop or monk, but a simple layman comes to refresh our eyes (wearied by the worldliness of ecclesiastics) with the spectacle of a pure devotion: even as Mr. Browning's (we fear) imaginary Pompilia consoled the aged Innocent for the evil days, void of any triumphs of the faith, in which his lot was cast.

Just as there glowed in the breast of a French tragedian a holier flame than warmed the heart of some louder-spoken devotees of his time, as the noble Odes of *Athalie* win for Racine those Christian sympathies which close against his patroness, so does the poetry of Filicaia point him out to us as a sign that it is possible to be holy among circumstances most unfavourable to saintliness ; while it constrains us to admit that the age which gave birth to such a man could not be wholly evil.

Readers, then, of "The Ring and the Book" should thank us for reminding them that in Giuseppe Caponsacchi's occasional visits to Florence, before the crisis of his fate came on, during his gay, butterfly existence at Arezzo, his frivolity may have felt rebuked at least for a moment by the sight of the governor of Volterra, prostrate in fervent devotion in the Duomo or in the Church of Santa Croce ; and that the young churchman may have caught his first passing glimpse of the worthlessness of his own life, in the light of the layman's piety. It may please them further to imagine with us that the young canon and the poet-saint became mutually acquainted after Pompilia's death ; that as Caponsacchi had already learned from the mere sight of *her* to prefer Dante to Marini, so when her premature departure had ripened in him the harvest of good, the serious strains of the Florentine poet of his own day found a ready echo in his heart. We may picture to ourselves their meeting at Pisa or at Florence ; their exchange of confidences ; the sorrows of Filicaia's early life produced by him as his titles to sympathise with the young man's grief, as the guarantee for the truth of his assurance that the love of God can fill the most desolate heart with happiness. How well at least Filicaia was fitted for such an office, our readers will judge by the subjoined account of him and of his poems.

Vincenzo da Filicaia was born in Florence, Dec. 30, 1642. His parents belonged to a noble family of that city. Of his mother little mention is made; whereas his father appears to have inspired him with the tenderest and most dutiful affection. It was to please him that he married, at the age of thirty-one, Anna de' Capponi, when his own choice would have probably been celibacy. An early and very passionate, though innocent, attachment had ended some years before in disappointment; and it does not appear that Filicaia's heart was ever again bestowed on any woman; not at least with that fullness of devotion (censured by him as idolatrous afterwards) which had characterised his first love. The details of that great sorrow of his youth are not disclosed to us: whether the lady of his thoughts was unwilling to return his affection, or was unwillingly relinquished by himself in obedience to some higher call of duty, seems uncertain. We only know that the heart which had lost its earthly resting-place turned straight to heaven for consolation; that a Latin ode, which commences, "*Alba hirundo tenerrima*," contains the expression of its dedication from thenceforth to God; and that an Italian sonnet expresses a grave thankfulness at the severance (painful though it was) of so strong a tie to earth. It is printed as the sixth in his collected poems, and well deserves quotation:

Piangesti, Roma, e in te si vide impressa	Rome, thou didst weep; on thee were seen impressed
Ira e pietate allor che in fiere guise	Anger and pity, when in fierce disdain
Il non suo fallo in se punio l'oppressa	Venged on herself another's crime th' oppressed,
Donna, e del casto sangue il ferro intrise.	And did with her chaste blood the sharp sword stain.
E piansi anch'io quando mia speme, anch'essa	Even so wept I when, losing hope her guest,
Priva di speme, alla sua man commise	My hope thus too by her own hand lay slain;
Di sè stessa l'eccidio, ed in sè stessa	The self-same stroke destroying in her breast
I proprj oltraggi e le mie brame uccise.	Her suffe'rd wrongs and all my wishes vain.
Ambo dunque piangemmo, e ad ambo insieme,	Thus wept we both, to each alike decreed
Diè sventura diversa ugal dolore;	An equal sorrow from a diverse woe,
E d'ugual gioia i nostri guai fur seme:	And of like joy our anguish was the seed:
Che te potè di servitù trar fuore	For thou didst rescue from thy slavery owe
Lucrezia uccisa; e a me l'uccisa speme	To slain Lucretia; me my slain hope freed,
Render potè la libertà del core.	Breaking my spirit's fetters by the blow.

Perhaps the symmetrical proportions and carefully drawn comparison



of this sonnet may seem too artificial for its occasion. It was, however, written many years after the stroke which it commemorates had ceased to be felt in its first sharpness; and when time had done its healing work upon the wound. For all that, it conveys a strong impression of how severe the wound once was. In a noble sonnet, written on a kindred subject, love has receded into the background; and takes its place as only one among several hindrances to a devoted life. Not its idol-form alone, but those of many other competing deities, have been cast down and broken before the altar of the true God:

Quando dell' empia idolatria le sparse  
Memorie un santo e pio disegno  
uccise,

Mirò Alessandria e Palladi recise,

E smembrate Giunoni, e Veneri arse;

Là Nettuni, e quà Giovi al suol git-  
tarse;

E d'Apollini e Bacchi, e di derise

Ben mille Deità tronche e divise

Monti confusi d'ogn' intorno alzarse.  
Tal io disfatti e diroccati e infranti

(Opra d'immortal braccio) un dì mirai

Gl'idoli del mio cor sì varj e tanti;

Nè tacqui allor; ma su quell' empie,  
alzai

Statue distrutte altar devoto, e santi

Inni di lode al grande Iddio cantai.

When holy wrath pious arose to smite  
Idolatry's memorials far and wide,

Great Alexandria Pallas shatter'd  
spied,

Juno torn limb from limb, burn'd  
Venus bright;

Saw Neptune here, there Jove on earth  
alight;

Apollo, Bacchus form (while men de-  
ride),

With thousand gods broken and cast  
aside,

Heaps rising in confusion to the sight.  
Even thus destroy'd, scatter'd and  
overthrown,

I saw one day (no mortal arm's the  
praise)

Those many idols which my heart did  
own.

Nor kept I silence then, but straight  
did raise

O'er their crush'd sinful shapes an  
altar's stone,

And praised the true great God in  
holy lays.

The love of fame (that last infirmity of noble minds), ambition, and trust in the favour of princes, seem to have been the spiritual enemies with whom Filicaia contended in his manhood, to all appearance as successfully as he had wrestled with love in his youth. His fine Odes on the deliverance of Vienna from the Turks brought him complimentary letters from the Emperor and King of Poland, and more substantial marks of regard from Christina of Sweden, who undertook the expenses of his sons' education. His own sovereign, the Grand Duke, seems to have also highly distinguished him; entrusting to his charge successively the Governments of Volterra and of Pisa. But his complimentary poems to these distinguished persons are free from the taint of servility; he appears to have acted conscientiously and well in public life, and to have retired from it with alacrity at the call of failing health: nor does he appear to have over-valued

the applause of the men of letters of his day ; opposing, as he did, the prevailing taste of his times, in order to impress on the Academy of Florence the duty of exchanging Pindus for Tabor,—the classical for the Christian source of inspiration. The advice which Filicaia tendered to others he exemplified in his own person. All his poetry which makes claim to a durable existence flows from two lofty fountains—the love of his country and the love of his God. In the former class may be placed the Odes which first made him famous ; for he felt himself a citizen of the great commonwealth of Christendom, and saw in Vienna an outpost of civilization against the barbarian, a bulwark of Rome against the infidel. His muse palpitates with terror as she sees the savage hordes gathering round the imperial city, and implores the prayers of the Pope on earth, of saintly mediators above, for their dispersion. When the victory is won, she raises a strain of exultation and triumph at the sight of the cross driving back the crescent, and cheers on Sobieski to yet loftier successes, preaching a new crusade for the liberation of Jerusalem itself. “Give credence to my words,” says the poet, with prophetic fervour, “no more, as in youth, I drink the turbid waters of Apollo’s fount: the cross is now my Clio, the mount of the great Sacrifice my Parnassus. If it is for the faith thou fightest, go on and conquer. Jordan calls for thee with sighs ; prostrate Bethlehem and Sion weep and pray, and show thee their chains. Go on, then. If it is written on high that the Great Sepulchre shall return into our power, the honour is reserved for thee. Hark to the trumpet’s mingled sounds of horror and gladness, announcing slaughter to the Syrians ! See the mailed celestial champion descending from heaven to thine aid ! Go on and conquer in faith.”

Notwithstanding some conventional imagery, some occasional weakness of expression, there is genuine fire and feeling in this and its companion Odes. But the perils of his own beloved Italy roused Filicaia to a yet deeper anxiety, a yet more pious indignation. When the war for the Spanish succession broke out, and he saw his country made a battle-field on which Frenchman and Austrian could debate their differences, and carve out her provinces into portions with which to reward their allies, or satisfy rival claims, he poured forth his passionate wish that Italy’s fatal dowry of beauty had been less, or her strength to defend it greater, in that finest of his sonnets, “*Italia, Italia, o tu cui feò la Sorte,*” etc.\* In others he bitterly reproaches his country with her sloth, and the faith which she has kept so ill to Valour, her sometime lord. He bids her mark the evils of disunion, and remember that “*he* hopes all vainly to save a part who dares not save the whole.” Once, watching the approach of night, he cries out with anguish, “*Day here extinguished is lit up elsewhere ; the universe is not all dark at one and the same time.* But

\* Too well known by Lord Byron’s translation to need citation here.

what black night has swallowed all thy glories at once? Thou hadst a thousand—wisdom, valour, strength. Now, out of them all, not one remains to thee." "Ask thyself," he says in one place, "whether to lose slowly is to conquer. Choose, for thou must, between slavery and death!" But his only real hope for his distracted country is from above. It is to the Virgin that he turns to obtain peace for it by her intercession.

Other causes were at work to deepen Filicaia's serious cast of thought, beside the misfortunes of Italy. First his father's death, then that of his own eldest son (a promising youth of seventeen), came to remind him of the instability of earthly things. He had to mourn too the loss of other friends, and to find by experience how bright the hope of immortality shows on the black background of death. It is of one of these, a distinguished man of letters, that he says, "As Arar moves slowly amidst Rhone's swift waters, so is he upheld, alive and immortal, among the waves of death."

There are striking passages in the series of twelve sonnets which he dedicated to the memory of his aunt, Camilla Alessandri. One concludes thus—

"Arm'd by herself, closed in herself for sphere,  
To her most inward citadel ascended  
That woman brave, and aye unused to fear ;  
There, by new bulwarks compass'd and defended,  
Her frail form staid, Death's prey ; who (cheated here)  
Not her true self, but her cast robes offended."

Another, the fourth, follows the freed spirit, which it depicts in words of Christian Platonism as now beholding "the high eternal Idea whence this universe issued forth," and "slaking its sacred thirst in the fount of creative Love." It goes on to say—

"And now while open (not as here confined  
Faith show'd) God His own self to her reveals,  
She sees to good how great Death eyes unseals;—  
Death, cruel unto us, to her so kind.  
She sees that tears, which for her sins she shed,  
Made her in heaven of endless smiles the heir,  
And mercy's fount before her opened,  
And into Truth she entering far, sees there  
That when Faith's holy shafts towards heaven are sped,  
Her bow is not bent vainly anywhere."

But perhaps the great teacher, Death, never spoke so impressively to Filicaia as when he struck his royal patroness, Christina of Sweden. The Roman Catholic poet's imagination had been fired in youth, as was his cotemporary's, Calderon, in age, by the spectacle of the lady of the warlike north, coming to woo the softer arts and refinements of the south ; of the daughter of the great Gustavus, the successful champion of Protestantism in the tented field, coming to lay her father's crown before the shrine of Loretto. Seen perpetually

environed by a halo of faith and self-sacrifice, the illustrious convert's faults escaped their notice: Monaldeschi's death was overlooked or excused, and the patroness of learning, the reformer of literary taste in Italy, the royal convert who had sacrificed her throne to her convictions, continued a heroine of the Cross in Filicaia's eyes until her death. He had saluted in her "The fair rainbow of faith, lit up amid the darkness of unbelief;" he had listened to the Muses' inquiry concerning her, "Who is she who tramples on empires and sceptres, divorcing herself from a crown to become the spouse of God?" In his own conflict against the love of this present world, he had been animated by the noble example of her who slew

"The love of empire in a royal breast."

He had admired in her the victor in a triumph "grander than ever conqueror's at the Capitol over a vanquished world;" at her entrance into Rome, "proudly humble, more adorned than he by the throne she had renounced and by her triumph over herself." So that when he lived to lament over "the high tree fallen, majestic even in its overthrow, the great and lofty lady, royal still in death," who can wonder if its ruined grandeur made a profound impression on his heart, and if he turned more resolutely than before from the fading hopes of earth to set his affections on the true home of all faithful hearts? Firmly fixed in his preference of the things eternal and unseen, he could speed his brother (a Capuchin monk) on his perilous mission to Congo, without misgivings; he could celebrate the taking of the veil by the Duke Salerati's two daughters, as the setting of two stars to earth in order to shine with greater lustre before God; his quaint fancy could see in another nun an incipient butterfly, fed in its caterpillar state by this world's leaves, but now a chrysalis wrapped in acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, whence she is soon to emerge, winged for flight to the Everlasting Good; for to what better use can this fragile life of ours be put, than to that of securing to its temporary possessor an eternity of joy, seeing that as our own Barrow finely says, "We have but a very narrow strait of time to pass over, but we shall land on the firm and vast continent of eternity"?

This state of mind found food for meditation, and congenial quiet, in the stillness of rural scenes. One of Mr. Browning's most amusing poems describes the average "Italian Person of Quality's" weariness of the country and love of the town. To him the latter is paradise: to live "up in a villa" away from the band, the daily news and the gossip of his acquaintance, purgatory. But Filicaia's was no common mind: it could people with its own lofty thoughts what to empty heads seemed then, and seems now, an unfurnished void. It is rather as a moralist and religious solitary, however, that he enjoys the country than as a keen lover of natural beauty. He has time there

to search his heart, and examine his past ways; he receives there lessons from God, teaching him by the endless parable of nature. But his disposition inclines him "rather in all to be resigned than blest;" and seldom if ever do his poems speak out the love of the fair things which surround him—green earth and blue sky, river and mountain, tree and flower—for their own sake. Still his little villa of Figline is a dear spot to him, sacred through many a pious memory of holy thought and useful lesson. He calls it in one Ode his own poor Ithaca; from which all the charms of Florence, that beautiful Calypso, could not long detain him. There he listens to the silent admonitions of the four seasons of the year; not to him fair nymphs whose ever-varying dance delights the eye with new combinations of beauty, but rather grave teachers who call to self-recollection and to penitence. The upspringing grass in the vernal hours reminds him to pluck the weeds from out his own heart; he carves confessions, not love-ditties, on the smooth stem beneath the tender green of the unfolding beech leaves. The trees which screen him from the summer heat cannot hide him from the eye of his cruel Destiny. The autumn fruits remind him how fruitless his life has been as yet:

"E benchè fior tuttora e fronde assai  
L'afflitto ingegno di produr s'affanni,  
Non è autunno per me stato ancor mai."

When winter comes, he sees its frosts reflected on his own head, and is warned by both to prepare for death. The waning of the daylight, the flowers which bloom at morn to wither at noon, almost every object of nature repeats to him with a solemn monotony "Sempre si muore." But most of all the winter snows, rarer spectacle to an Italian than to us northerners, with their seeming solidity and rapid disappearance, strike him as a parable in action, expressly contrived by the Creator to give warning to his short-lived creature. He interprets it for us in one of his best Sonnets:—

Perchè l'uomo al suo fin pensi, e tra- passe	That man might think upon his end and wait
Ognor morendo del suo viver l'ore,	As hourly dying all his earthly day,
In varie tele il sommo alto Pittore	The supreme, mighty Painter did por- tray
Nostra caduca umanità ritrasse.	On many a canvas our frail human state.
Ma snello rio che fugga, aura che passe,	But shades which earliest dawnsings dissipate,
Ombra che si dilegui al primo albore,	Swift-flying streams, breezes that will not stay,
Parvero a lui d'aspetto e di colore	Appear'd to Him mean forms and colours grey,
Semblanze al ver troppo ineguali e basse.	Semblance to truth like this inade- quate.
Ond' ei color più vivi altri costrusse;	Hence other tints more vivid bright he wrought;

E perchè ognun del suo mortal s'av-  
veda,  
Sparse in terra le nevi, e poi le strusse.  
Tremi (poscia esclamò) chi m'ode; e  
creda  
Che se in acqua un sol di aquaridusse,  
Così fia c'uom di polve, in polve rieda.

And, that we each our debt to death  
might learn,  
Shed snows upon the earth, then did  
to nought.  
"Tremble" (he next proclaimed) "who  
hear, and learn  
By water in one day to water brought;  
So must man, formed of dust, to dust  
return."

Death, thus constantly kept in view, is owned by Filicaia as his best assistant in his conflicts with himself. Is he tempted to yearn for fame, to behold a mournful picture of his own failures as he walks by the waters of the Elsa, seeing his life overshadowed by oblivion, as they are overhung by trees, his course "ended before the end," as theirs loses itself in marshes? Death steps in as a grave consoler; reminding him that human fame is itself a perishable thing, and that it is beneath the dignity of an immortal spirit to grasp a breath of wind which flies to return no more. He begins to concentrate his thoughts more than of old; recalling them from vain pursuits, and endeavouring, as he says, "to unite the scattered lines of his mind the more, the nearer they approach their centre, Death." Like another Sintram, he finds the last foe grown friendly, gathers honey from the lion's carcase, and apostrophizes Death as his teacher, his counsellor, as having been to him "wisdom, sense, and mind," the life of his life, yea, even the soul of his soul.

This vivid apprehension of the practical import of truths, become to most men common-place through their familiarity, gives a freshness to Filicaia's utterances: as, for instance, to the following Sonnet on Time, written evidently by one who had seen for himself the mighty river's rushing, and stood appalled at its swift, destructive flight; not merely beheld it, as we mostly do, with the eyes of other men, and repeated their report at second-hand.

Vidi poc' anzi un torbido e veloce  
Fiume che pien di rapidi momenti  
A giugner prestì, ed a passar non  
lenti,  
Quanto si sente men, tanto più nuoce:  
Fiume che spinge, più che mai feroce,  
Di Morte al lido i naufraghi viventi;  
E va tacito sì, che appena il senti,  
Dell' Obbligo nel gran mare a metter  
foce:  
Fiume nato col mondo allor che stesi  
Fur gli ampi cieli, e con piè snello e  
presto

Awhile ago I saw, turbid and fast,  
A river full of rapid moments flow,  
Swift in their coming, nor in passing  
slow;  
The less perceived, greater its power to  
blast.  
River that daily fiercer still doth cast  
The living on the shore of Death,  
wrecked, low;  
Whose course, so silent scarce 'tis felt,  
doth go  
In great Oblivion's sea to end at last:  
River born with the world when first  
the sky  
Stretch'd out its ample tent, and with  
swift feet,

A fuggir cominciare i giorni e i mesi.	And nimble, days and months began to fly.
A cotal vista sbigottito e mesto,	Sad and affrighted such a stream to meet,
Del fiume il nome al mio pensiero io chiesi ;	I asked my thought its name ; then gave reply
E'l pensier mio rispose : Il Tempo è questo.	My thought to me : Time is that river fleet.

The fruit of this constant contemplation of the transitory nature of all that belongs to Time appears in numerous directly religious poems. We find among Filicaia's works lauds composed by him to be sung by the Benedictine monks of Florence on their way to Rome for the Jubilee of 1700 ; odes and sonnets celebrating the virtues of Mary Magdalene, and of the Italian saints, Maria di Pazzi, Humiliana, the Hermit Torello, and Philip Neri : also invocations of the Blessed Virgin, of which the most touching is contained in an ode (finished a few days before its author's fatal illness, and addressed to her picture on which he fixed his gaze in the hour of death), in which he prays that, having looked his last here on the portrait, he may go to behold the original above.

With such expressions of his religious fervour as these last, no man who derives his Christianity from the Bible can sympathize : other utterances there are among Filicaia's odes and sonnets which we read with a mixed feeling—a longing, on the one hand, that our sense of the evil of sin might be deep as his, on the other, a wish that he had possessed that clearer knowledge of the way of deliverance from it which a member of the Reformed Church enjoys. These poems express that painful uncertainty as to ultimate salvation, from which there is no escape for a pious Romanist till he consents to abandon the decrees of Trent for the conclusions of St. Paul. They give to penitential prayers and tears a joint efficacy for the sinner's justification along with Him Who is the only true confidence of those who repent. And yet the heart's instincts are right, amidst the perplexities of an erring creed. The poet acknowledges the will turned to good as the divine gift, and seeks the power to perform from the same source. When, affrighted by the "two deaths" which menace him, he wishes that the eyes which first let sin in could find rivers of tears with which to weep it out, when remorse for the past distresses him more than could the most fearful objects of nature, when the mirror of conscience presents to him his soul so deformed by guilt that all hope vanishes of ever presenting it beautiful before its Lord, it is to the Father of the penitent that he cries for a new heart and a new spirit ; it is the Saviour, whose cross and passion he invokes for conversion in this world and for salvation in the Great Day. It is the Christian, not the Romanist, who cries out, "Thou, Lord, didst create me ; do *Thou* save me."

Let us now turn to such of Filicaia's religious poems,—superior



generally in execution to those just mentioned, and also greater in number,—as are more completely in accordance with our own sentiments. There is the sonnet on his failing sight, in which he describes how eternal objects grow larger to the eye as earthly things diminish ; how the Everlasting Beauty shines brightest amid darkness, like a jewel sparkling more in dim light than in the glare of the sun. There is that other in which he makes a striking comparison between the ship which, notwithstanding all the riches of its freight, is still constrained to touch at some poor island to take in the indispensable supply of fresh water ; and the soul which cannot be hindered from thirsting for the Living Water by all the abundance of the goods of this world. In a singular vein of allegory he sets before us, in a third sonnet, the river Jordan leaving the Lake of Gennesaret as pure as it entered it, but flowing on to be lost after all in the Dead Sea ; the type of the soul of man escaping one temptation only to perish in another which it has been rash enough to seek. A well-known scriptural figure is applied by him at great length in one ode to his own spiritual progress. The Rod of Truth, taking the form of disappointment, has smitten asunder for him the Red Sea, the love of this world ; he has embraced the proffered deliverance and passed through ; he stands now upon the farther shore beholding the unburied skeletons of his foes (his vain desires and hopes), and raises his hymn of praise to God, who has saved him, under the guidance of Faith and of Obedience, from a more cruel than the literal Egypt. Thence he plunges into the wilderness—his own heart—finding therein deeper and darker caves than he ever dreamed of ; but having the Cross wherewith to sweeten its bitter waters, the fountain opened in the Pierced Side from whence to allay his thirst. Manna from above falls on the desert of his heart ; the dark groves of its internal gloom are penetrated by a light from heaven ; he has gone forth from the idols of Egypt that he may worship the true God.

Filicaia's numerous poems on the sufferings of our Lord are, for the most part, rather remarkable for their deep and pious feeling than for their artistic merits. Here and there they are deformed by the intrusion of those *conceits* which, did not the example of our own Herbert forbid the thought, we might suppose to be incompatible with a genuine and holy sorrow. When kneeling in spirit beside the Sepulchre, he chides his own heart of yet harder stone ; when he speaks of himself as shipwrecked by the waves of his sins upon that rock, and gives utterance to the wish to live henceforth *dead* where *Life* became the prey of *Death* for his sake, we seem to be gazing rather on the violent and theatrical grief of an Entombment by Annibale Caracci than on the chastened but infinitely deeper pathos of Ary Scheffer. It is in a truer strain that he deplores his own sins as the thorns and as the burden of that sacred Sufferer, whose arms he prays may be his refuge, whose cross his ship to bear him

safe over the flood. Such contemplations cause him pain indeed; but it is a pain far dearer to him than other joys, a pain which leads him to ask the question, "If grief can make me so happy, what will the gladness of heaven do?" Of this class of Filicaia's poems, the best specimen is the following sonnet of passionate gratitude to Him whose breath, as Creator, gave man life without effort, but who shrank not from breathing out His own life unto death for his redemption:—

Quel Sangue è questo che trattar potè	Is this that Blood which had the power to make
Con Dio l'accordo, e l'offensor difese ?	With God th' agreement, this the sinner's shield ?
E'l cui gran merto e'l cui valor le im- prese	Whereof the merit and virtue won the field
Della mia Fè vittoriose feo ?	For that high faith in which I too partake ?
Questo è quel Sangue, nel cui mar cadè	Is this that Blood in whose abysmal lake
Naufrago il fallo dell' antiche offese ?	Shipwrecked our old sin's guilt doth rest concealed ?
Oh amor d'un Dio che dall' altezza scese	Oh ! Love of God, His lofty right to yield !—
Di sue ragioni, e un Dio fè servo e reo !	Love which could God a slave and guilty make !
Quando al suon d'un sol detto il mondo nacque,	When at one word the world its life did gain,
Creatrice virtù che mai non langue,	God's Spirit made creative power to brood,
Di Dio lo spirito feo notar sull' acque.	Ever unwearied moving on the main.
Ma quando al mondo pe' gran falli esangue,	But when our dear Redeemer minded stood
Donar salute al Redentor poi piacque,	To heal that world by the great tres- pass slain,
Spirò 'l suo spirito, e'l feo notar sul Sangue.	He breathed His spirit forth, moving on the Blood.

The last section of Filicaia's poems to be considered, the most lofty in sentiment, and of deepest interest to the mind, consists of those which he especially dedicated to the love of God. It is here that the cotemporary of Fénelon shows how under the secular dress of the statesman and man of letters could beat a heart fully in unison with that of the pious archbishop. Here we see a heart, which had sought other refuges in vain, gathering strength from its own weakness, courage from its past disappointments, and awakening all its energies to thrill with the noblest of passions, the love of its Creator. This eventful history of a soul is traced for us by Filicaia in a very beautiful Ode. There he first speaks of how his human love found its ending in misery and in tears; then of how he courted fame, to find it but a flattering and deceitful phantom; after this he goes on to tell us how at length he discerned the true object of fervent, pas-

sionate, undivided love in God. Now he desires to be lost in Him, and penetrated by His light, as the iron is lost in the furnace; so that neither joy nor sorrow, the world's flatteries, nor the world's violence, may henceforth separate his soul from Him whom he loves. He cries, "Only let me love Thee, Lord, and then come what will; death, condemnation, yea, even hell itself; for, if I love Thee there, that perpetual abode of shadows will resemble heaven to me. But every place is hell, if I love Thee not: not to love Thee is hell's worst pain. If I have Thy favour, how can I but desire my life to pass quickly; for if here in earth's darkness Thou excitest my longings after Thee, what will it be to come to the fountain of Thy light! Oh! thou divine Sculptor, take away from me all that is frail and base, that Thy heavenly image may appear in me; for as the marble is diminished, the statue grows." The companion to this Ode sings creating and preserving Love. In it the poet acknowledges that Love which first called him to the Faith, which bore with his perverseness in turning its gifts against their Giver; deploring his own madness in refusing to love Him, whom bird and beast, stars, sun, earth, and sea, praise after their manner, to whom they long for words to declare their love. "Why threaten the soul that refuses to love Thee with any other punishment? This one hell is worse than a thousand; hell itself without it would cease to be hell. I *will* love Thee: all other love was error; I ask the power to love, from Love itself." There is something of paradox in the form in which the first of these two noble Odes sets forth the great truth, that happiness depends more on our state of mind, than on any outward circumstances: still, though the idea that "condemnation" could befall the loving soul, would be intolerable, except as a poetical extravagance, yet how grand is Filicaia's conception of the true good of man, and of the hopeless misery of that heart which has never been rendered capable of embracing It!

There is also a series of eight sonnets, bearing date 1686, in which Filicaia has sought to embody some of the high musings of Fénelon and other kindred spirits. They are of unequal merit; the two first disappointing the reader by such conceits as appeals to *blind* Faith to grant eyes to the seeker wherewith to *see* the invisible God, and the like. Such, however, disappear from the third sonnet, in which the beatific vision is attained in a manner "indescribable, nay, inconceivable;" and the soul "hearing much, seeing many things, but saying little, stands before the Mover of the universe." The trance of all the lower faculties, the absorption of the mind in this high, mystic communion, is painted in the sonnet which we quote below; the finest of the whole series. In two succeeding sonnets, also very beautiful, the divine light is viewed in its streams, instead of in its source. It is seen reflected purest, because nearest the fount, on the holy angels; it displays its fair colours, refracted by the vapours of earth, among the saints. Hope is its parhelion in our terrestrial regions, peace its rainbow, love

its golden mists. In the eighth and last sonnet, faith has given place to sight. The happy soul has entered heaven, and there rests from its labours, since it beholds in God the accomplishment of its ideal; even as the sculptor gladly ceases from work when his statue is completed, and joyfully gives himself up to the contemplation of his achieved design. Such is the series of which the sonnet, which must be our last quotation from Filicaia's writings, forms the fourth. Of it, as of our preceding extracts, it is needless to say how much that is beautiful in them perishes in translation. Still our versions may do something for the English reader; while the Italian scholar will appreciate the difficulty of the task too well, not to be indulgent to defects in its execution.

Così mi dormo e per me veglia il Cuore,	Thus do I sleep, and my Heart for me wakes,*
Quel Cuor che alberga in me più che 'l cuor mio:	That Heart which more dwells in me than mine own;
In Dio mi dormo, ed in me veglia Iddio;	In God I sleep, in me God wakes alone;
Amor me assonna, e lui tien desto Amore.	Love rocks my slumber, Him Love watchful makes.
Io dormo; e uscito de' fantasmi fuore,	I sleep; my soul, that through earth's phantasms breaks,
A lui l'alma dai sensi esule invio,	I send, from sense an exile, to His throne,
Tanto di me maggior, ch'io son più d'io,	The greater that myself I have outgrown,
Tanto maggior, quanto di me minore.	The greater as myself myself forsakes.
Deh se in braccio a sì grande, alta fortuna	Oh! if in such high fortune's great embrace
È sì dolce il dormir, non vegl'io mai,	Sleep is so sweet, let me not wake for aye,
Nè mai rompa i miei sonni alba importuna,	Let no importunate dawn my slumbers chase,
Finchè spuntando (ed è ben tempo omai)	Till o'er me breaking (and 'tis time) that Day
Per me quel dì che non tramonta o imbruna,	Which never setteth, which no clouds deface,
Gli occhi non apro ai sempiterni rai.	Mine eyes uncloseth beneath th' Eternal Ray.

We could linger longer in Filicaia's company did we not fear to weary our readers, but we must draw our observations to a close. On his poetic merits it may seem presumptuous for an English writer to pronounce; his own countrymen have ever esteemed them to be great, and we may safely accept their verdict. Even to foreign ears his sweet native tongue seems to flow with added music from his lips; while there is a dignity in the sentiments for the expression of which he employs it, which commands our respect at the same time that he wins our love by his tenderness. His metaphors

\* Canticles, chap. v. verse 2.

are for the most part natural and appropriate ; his use of scriptural imagery, is evidently the result of loving and reverent familiarity with the sacred story. Above all, he writes because there is a flame within his breast which insists on finding a vent ; not because he wishes to show how neatly he can turn a sonnet : and that flame (the noblest which can glow in man's heart) surprises us amid the coldness of his cotemporaries like the fires of Hecla bursting out from beneath the northern snows.

There is another reason for pausing beside Filicaia : we have little to tempt us forward. What is there, till we come to Leopardi, and to Manzoni's one Ode, after we have left him, that is really precious in Italian lyrics ? Three dramatic writers of the second class occupy the intervening space. Her first-rate dramatist Italy has yet to produce. Some of the sonnets we have quoted will stand comparison (of course in the original) with Petrarch's best in compactness of expression, unity of idea, melodious sound, in short in all the excellences of a sonnet ; while they immeasurably surpass most of them in genuineness of feeling and in loftiness of theme. Most of them we say, not all ; because Laura's poet awoke at times to the high calling which he too often neglected, and expressed penitence deep as Filicaia's, breathed forth prayers, to all appearance, devout as his. Such a sonnet of the sweet singer of Avignon we propose to lay before our readers by way of conclusion ; for one reason, that they may revive their recollections of Filicaia's great model, and so judge for themselves of the worth of the disciple by setting him beside the master ; for another, in order to remind them how religious the character of the best Italian poetry has ever been, as indeed it should be, descending from such a parent as Dante. But, pious and touching as is the tone of this sonnet by Petrarch, it is one of a very small company, lost among hundreds dedicated by him to the utterance of human passion and human regrets. In the mass of Filicaia's poems the secular is as much the exception as in that of Petrarch's is the religious ; yet Petrarch was an ecclesiastic, Filicaia only a senator of Florence. Petrarch lived under the very shadow of Dante's pure and lofty example, Filicaia, as we have seen, among chilling airs breathed from self-seeking worldliness and cold frosts of indifference : yet Filicaia bewailed even an innocent love as idolatrous, and hastened to dedicate his whole heart to God ; while Petrarch either felt, or affected to feel, a sinful passion, and shrank not from celebrating it even with wearisome reiteration on the lyre entrusted to his hands, surely for a nobler purpose. Wherever therefore our comparison of Filicaia with Petrarch may lead us to place him as a poet, there is no doubt of his superiority as a man. The errors which Petrarch deplores so pathetically in his eighty-fifth Sonnet were escaped by the scholar whose writings we have been surveying. His life was less troubled ; his death, we may well believe, happier. Nevertheless let us

trust that Petrarch's prayer (so heartfelt in its sound) was not a vain one ; but that when that great scholar and poet had to go to the undiscovered land of which another unwearied student\* says mournfully, "All our subtle conceits and nice criticisms, all our fine inventions and goodly speculations, shall be swallowed up either in the utter darkness, or in the clearer light of the future state, . . . where none of our languages are spoken, none of our experience will suit, . . . where all our authors shall have no authority, where we must go fresh to school again—must unlearn, perhaps, what in these misty regions we thought ourselves best to know, and begin to learn what we not once ever dreamed of,"—that then the singer of Vacluse found that help at hand which he implores in this penitential confession:—

I'vo piangendo i miei passati tempi	I walk and weep the days that are no more,
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale	The which I spent in love of mortal thing,
Senza levarmi a volo, avend' io l'ale,	And took no upward flight, though mine the wing
Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.	Haply to gain heights never gain'd before.
Tu, che vedi i miei mali indegni ed empì,	Thou, who dost see my shames and sorrows sore,
Re del Cielo, invisibile, immortale ;	Of heaven Invisible, Immortal King,
Soccorri all' alma disviata e frale,	Assist this spirit frail and wandering,
E'l suo difetto di tua grazia adempi :	Where it has fail'd Thy grace fulfilling pour ;
Si che, s'io vissi in guerra ed in tempesta,	That I, who lived in wars, on storm-toss'd main,
Mora in pace ed in porto ; e se la stanza	May die in peace, in port ; that honoured be
Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.	At least my parting, though my stay was vain.
A quel poco di viver, che m'avanza,	For that brief hour of life yet left to me,
Ed al morir degni esser tua man presta :	And at my death, Thy hand in succour. deign :
Tu sai ben, che'n altrui non ho speranza.	Well know'st Thou I have hope in none but Thee.

SONETTO LXXXV., *In Morte di Madonna Laura.*

\* Barrow. Sermon xli.

## AN OLD LETTER

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*[My mother, Christine Prior, is still remembered at M—— gaol ; and it is likely to be many years before her wrongs, her angelic patience, and her sweetness of demeanour will die out of prison memories. Her story, as known to the world, is too widely known to need telling again in many words. She was at the age of twenty-one sentenced to imprisonment for life, for the destruction of her deaf and dumb child. Her husband was at the time engaged in India, during the mutiny of 18—, and failed to get leave to return before his wife's trial was over, and when she had been in prison four months. It was afterwards found that the child's death had been caused by the nurse, who in sudden fear that its crying might be the means of betraying secrets which would have cost her her place, and ruined the highest of characters, had used violence which had unintentionally proved fatal. The fact so well known among Captain and Mrs. Prior's friends that the young mother had suffered a morbid grief over the child's infirmity, and had been heard to wish he might not live for his father to see him, tempted the terror-stricken woman to accuse her mistress of his death. How well and how far the scheme succeeded is well known. My mother, in her loneliness and horror, lost all power of self-defence. The evidence against her seemed to her friends so overwhelming, the utmost they hoped to do for her was to prove her insanity. In this they failed but her life was spared. It is a portion of a letter written by her to myself, some forty years after her trial, that I wish those friends to read. It describes her first meeting with my father after his return from India, when he came to see her in the prison, while still supposed by every one to be guilty.]*

WILLIAM PRIOR.]

\* \* \* \* \*,—I HAVE now exhausted all the little stock of news I had laid by for you since the last Indian mail went out, and yet, my dear boy, it is only here that the letter I intended to write you really begins. I can plainly see in the newspapers what you had been trying to keep from me—that by the time this reaches you you will be in —, perhaps face to face with the enemy. Why did you fear to tell me? Did you forget your mother was a soldier's widow? At such a time you would, no doubt, dear Will, expect that, in writing to you of your father, I should remind you of all the instances I can remember of his great courage; but, instead of this, I want now to tell you of the one and only occasion on which I ever knew it to fail him utterly.



I know that you have never heard my account of that hour so eventful to us both ; and your father's descriptions of it were always, *for me*, spoiled by the ridicule he threw upon his own conduct.

You remind me in your last how often I have promised you my own poor description of that event ; and, that I may have the less reluctance to revive such memories, you tell me of the sympathy you hear expressed for us whenever allusion is made in your presence to the time when that blot was on our name. You cannot doubt that it is peculiarly gratifying to me to hear this is the case in the country where your father first heard of my imputed crime, and, as soon as honour allowed him, laid down all his bright hopes of glory to hasten to my deliverance and comfort.

I shall trust, my dear boy, that in describing to you that meeting—in laying before you word for word, look for look, thought for thought—the vividness of my remembrance shall atone for the unfitness of your mother's pen for such a task. Ah, Will ! unfit indeed it is to do anything like honour, even justice, to him who may now no more speak of it, unless he does so to *me*, as I sometimes love to fancy that he does, in the vague, sweet language of the churchyard flowers ; or in the sunshine that sometimes, as I stand beside his grave, breaks over it, seeming to me to come straight from his gallant heart, that *still* cannot refrain from offering me, from the very dust, *some* comfort for my tears,

I can feel the very chill that fell on me as I came from my cell into the passage, to go with the matron towards the room where he was waiting. I had but two days before left the infirmary, and my weakness was such as to render me incapable of walking without assistance. My mind was nearly as weak as my body ; but the excited state I was in gave me a feeling of almost terrible clearness of judgment, so that I was perfectly certain I should know the truth as to your father's conviction of my innocence or guilt the instant I saw him. The possibility, the danger, of making any mistake did not occur to me. It was nothing to me at that moment whether my innocence should ever be proved to the world, or not. It was nothing to me whether my dreary and sometimes maddening prison-life should drag on to its fullest length, after this meeting. The one and only question that had place within me was, whether my soul was alone in the awful darkness and chaos into which my life by a cruel blunder had been turned, or whether that brightest and bravest of spirits had been with mine from the first, and would be to the end.

I had never once utterly lost faith in *his* faith in my innocence ; but the shock my reliance on friends had received, the suddenness and the cruelly mysterious nature of these sorrows that had come upon me one after another, seemed by that time to have left no feeling in me but one of wild questioning anticipation of what more *could* come.



You can guess the answer that haunted me as I dragged along my crushed life through the strange dreary days, and the nights more strange and dreary still. You can guess it. Your father's loss of faith in me. But I would not accept it. If God had sent me the thought as a gentle warning of what was to come, I told myself He would not be angry with me if I preferred not to take such warnings, but to wait and let myself be utterly crushed by the blow itself, *if it must come*.

The matron opened the door and led me into the room.

I saw first the prison-doctor, who had attended me during my two serious illnesses, and who rose as I entered—a mark of respect so new to him towards his prison patients that I looked at him with half-unconscious surprise, lifting my hand to my forehead, and pausing to ask myself of what this might be ominous.

He seemed to remember himself with some confusion; and came forward in his customary manner, to ask me almost sharply if I had taken some mixture he had sent me, and to tell me that, if I was not careful to keep myself quiet through this interview, my visitor would not be allowed to come a second time.

I had kept my eyes upon the doctor's face since entering the room, not looking for that other presence of which, however, I was fully aware.

The doctor had scarcely ceased speaking to me before I noticed that he drew away a little, rather quickly. The matron let my hand slip from her arm and stood aside too, leaving me to meet my father who was approaching me.

It was then I raised my eyes and looked at him, and saw that it had not pleased God to write His mercy on his face in the manner I had prayed, demanded, felt nearly sure He would; and so I thought that mercy was denied me, and that all which might happen from that moment was of small account indeed. The pale, boyish, sensitive face I knew so well, the gentle impetuous eyes, bright with the heart's brave faith, looked on me no more. I had no power to reason with myself; to think how the first experiences of war, the shock of *my* sorrow must have told on such a nature—how much in these two years the world, before all smiles for him, had now taught him of her wrongs and anguish; I could only yield myself to the despair that overcame me at the sight of that brown, thin face with its sunken eyes and newly acquired sternness, through which I then could see none of the old tenderness remaining.

My feeble and overwrought brain told me that all the change I saw had come of sorrow caused by my supposed guilt, not *only* by my misfortunes.

For a moment something impelled me to stretch out my hands and not suffer him to approach me; but as I did so, I felt my strength so forsaking me that, to keep myself from falling, I was forced to cling

to his, which he held towards me hastily, as he perceived my sudden weakness.

He stood supporting me with his arm, slightly and tremblingly, even as he might have done a stranger who had demanded suddenly his pity and assistance, only that perhaps his arm trembled too much. I think that he said, "Christine!"—but I could not be sure whether it was that, or only a short almost sharp sigh which came from his lips. I think it *was* my name.

For the next moment or two—what an age it seemed to my disappointed and weary heart!—we stood looking down at our coldly linked hands, on which such a history of suffering was written. His was so seared and darkened it seemed that instant but snatched from the black reek of battle, and mine lay on it more like a white skeleton leaf than a human hand.

There seemed to me, in that pair of hands alone, subject for endless thought and tears.

At last, with a sort of dull, apathetic curiosity as to his thoughts, I looked up in his face.

The tender pity which I saw there for my cruel fate—not for *me*, I told myself, but for my cruel fate—was more than I could bear. I turned my gasping mouth against his heart, and let it cry its bitter cry there, not in words, but only with a childish, passionate desire and half faith that its bitterness might penetrate and be in some degree understood at that seat of God's own justice and pity.

Your father no sooner heard my cry than he clasped me to that good heart, and kissed me with a torrent of affectionate words; but as there is no greater unrest to be found than on the heart we love and doubt, I tore myself away in passionate rejection of the love I needed so much—yet needed less than justice—and not a word of *that* had I caught in what he said, though my misery was all ear as he spoke.

I tore myself away, throwing up my clasped hands and straining vehemently back against his circling arm, while I cried in a voice I scarcely knew as mine—

"No, no, no! Leave me! leave me!"

I heard him say—

"Christine! Christine!" with what seemed to me something of the old dear voice; at which I cried in sharper anguish—this time casting my arms about his neck—"Leave me! leave me!" Then the room darkened to me. There came a dull din in my ears, and for a moment I lost consciousness.

Partly before I fainted, and partly as I came to my senses, I was aware of the matron and doctor taking me from your father, and busying themselves in trying to restore me. I heard the doctor saying in a whisper—

"I told you it should not have been to-day. The slightest excite-

ment is too much for her strength yet. I advise you even now, I beg of you, to leave her before she recovers."

Your father answered hurriedly—

"No, I can't do that;" and then I felt him gently taking the heavy prison shoes from my feet.

When I opened my eyes I was seated in the matron's easy-chair, the doctor standing watching me with much anxiety, the matron holding in her hand the little close-bordered prison cap she had taken from my head.

Your father still knelt at my feet, which he was chafing in his warm hands, while he gazed up at my closely cut hair that the removal of the cap had only just made apparent to him.

I sat very still, taking his surprise—so tender and pained—and his gentle services in proud humility.

At last he evidently became troubled by my *conscious* stillness and silence, and taking my hands said—

"Come, Christine, why so silent? They told me you were too ill for me to come to you to-day. Tiny, darling, were they right?—and have I so shaken you that you will not speak to me?"

"What is there to say?" I asked, voicelessly, and closing my eyes in profound weariness. "*I know of nothing.*"

There was more than sadness in *his* silence. I could feel there was alarm before I heard him mutter to the doctor hastily,—

"Yes; she is worse than I dreamt of. What would I give if I had but waited!"

"And why?" I asked, rousing myself with a struggle and leaning forward to gaze into his face as he knelt at my knees looking at me, forgetful of everything but my weak and strange state, "why would you have waited. Why is it not better over?"

"Over!" he repeated. "Christine! what is it that you say? Is not *what* better over?"

"This—that we both suffer at meeting," I answered. "It would have been better had you not come—but——"

"Better I had not come? Christine!"

—"But as from kindness to me, or," I added, retaining his hand, which he was about to draw away in surprise, "or perhaps in kindness to yourself—mistaken kindness to us both—you *have* come; do not—let me beg of you—make it too—painful—for us both—by—by prolonging this."

Your father glanced from my face to the doctor's in passionate inquiry.

"Have you deceived me?" he asked; "has she been worse than you have said? Christine! my darling! do you not know me?"

I laid my trembling hands as assuringly as I could upon his shoulder.

"Yes," I answered; "I do. I am not delirious. I have been so

twice since I came here, but now I am calm and sensible of what is passing. Do you not believe it?"

"I do," he said in a changed voice; "and then, Christine, what else must I believe? That you are cold to me? In Heaven's name, why? What have I not done that I could do for your sake? And yet what wonder you should blame me and all the world for helplessness? *Have* you blamed me *much*, Christine? You shall yet learn if you have had true cause for *that*."

There was something in his voice just then, and in the return of the familiar smile to his lips and eyes, that made me suddenly wonder how I could have thought the face after all so very greatly changed. I began, as I gazed wistfully into it, to ask myself if, had I seen it thus when I entered the room, I should have been so sure that your father was not, after all, the very same to me.

After this thought, a hope more faint, yet sweeter than any words can express, made me stretch my hands out to your father and exclaim,—

"Oh! that it might have been! Oh, William! that it *might* have been!"

"Tiny, my darling!" he answered; that *what* might have been?"

"What I always thought would be—that you would *know*—not only hope or think, but *know*."

"Know what, Christine?"

"How wrong, how cruel, how wicked all this is to me. How *insane*!"

"Well, and is it possible my wife thinks I do *not know* this?"

Taking my face in his hands he looked steadily, joyfully into it.

How had the change come? How was I rendered unable to answer? I had indeed thought so. All I could do was to sob out like a child sobbing over past pain.

"Then why were you so different, so strange, so silent and reserved? Ah! it must have been at first sight of me. My hair—my dress—they have made me look what they take me for, is that it? Ah! have I not had enough to bear to make me doubt everything—to make me think even God did not see I was innocent? and that even my little child being dumb could not tell Him how precious its little life was to me. So precious that rather than *you* should look slightly upon it I *have* said, it *is* true, I trusted rather than that should be He might take it to Himself before you saw it. Ask yourself, William, have I not had enough to make me fear the worst? I *had* thought you like the rest of the world since you came in here, and *have* fearfully suffered."

I cannot describe to you your father's amazement and most tender remorse as he understood what I had been thinking and feeling.

"Have I been so cruel a blunderer, Tiny?" he said, after his eyes had filled my soul with peace. "It was not *my* fault; but they so

enforced upon me the necessity of restraint and calmness, and—everything, in fact, unnatural and dangerous, because I come as I *know* my wife must have expected me, a soldier, to come, not *before* I had fought her battle for her—but——”

“Captain Prior,” the doctor interrupted him, “this is most unwise. Let me *advise* you—not to-day.”

Your father took no notice of the interruption, except to stop speaking for the moment ; but he continued to hold me and look into my eyes in a manner by which I understood that he was asking me if I could bear good news—great—great news. As soon as I thought I dared risk hearing it, I laid my head on his shoulder and answered—

“Yes—I have prayed to Him who has mercy upon all “prisoners and captives :” do not fear to tell me if my prayers have been—have been—not in vain.”

Ah, I wonder even now I was not utterly overwhelmed with all he had to tell me ;—that my heart did not break with the rush of tumultuous happiness that beat upon it so unexpectedly. As I listened to him, or tried to listen, it was without the possibility of any exact understanding of the meaning of the details he related, but with an ever-increasing sense of a joy so full and perfect as to become at last almost suffocating.

At a later day, in a calmer state, he repeated all to me—how instantly on his arrival, he had obtained an authoritative introduction to the governor of the prison, and had taken counsel with him and the doctor and the matron as to my state and the propriety of discussing with me all that he had determined to do—and how he had then resolved, trusting to a natural instinct that seemed to defy nature itself, not to see me, or let me know of his arrival, till he had proved my innocence before the whole world.

He felt he said that if he saw me, and made me share his own hope and determination, and then through the inexorable cruelty of circumstance failed, my last state would be worse than the first ; whereas, by reserving for me the knowledge of his absolute faith in my innocence, he reserved also a source of inestimable help and comfort even if I should discover all he had vainly striven for.

In that spirit he went to work. He sought out and conversed with every person who had been, however slightly or remotely, connected with the affair. He engaged the service of the most eminent counsel, employed detectives, and after all would have miserably failed, but for the intensity of purpose and the almost holy devotion to the cause that possessed him.

From the first he had found it impossible to resist a conviction—which he could find no one to share, that the crime was absolutely confined to one of two persons—his own wife or the nurse. Many were willing to believe him right as regarding my innocence—none

as regarded the nurse's guilt. She had borne herself, they said, so well through the affair, she had so obviously appeared to speak unwillingly against me, and she had a good character.

Hopeless of aid, he, half in despair, took the matter at last into his own hands. A few words had been dropped in an unguarded moment by the nurse's lover, which he thought might mean everything, but which all about him, after careful inquiries, were sure meant nothing. Accepting these as the last remaining chance of a happy solution, he also accepted them in a spirit of such determined conviction that his own faith alone carried him at once to the goal.

I tremble even now as I write the words, remembering once more all that hung upon the moment. Shaping his course with the most admirable tact, skill, and courage, he suddenly confronted her, repeated the words I have spoken of to her in a voice of the deepest significance; she lost colour; her limbs trembled; she would have fallen, but that he caught her; and then so powerfully addressed at once her fears and her hopes, that before she had time to realise how little after all he might know, he wrung out of her a full confession, and gave her his promise that he would spare no exertion or influence at his command to obtain for her merciful consideration.

She would have retreated, he found, when she got to the police station; but he had taken care to have credible witnesses within hearing, so the wretched creature yielded to her doom, and pleaded guilty. And your father more than fulfilled his promises to her. I have by me a touching letter, written by her years afterwards to me, that I shall seek, and send you with this.

Dear Will, I have little else to tell you.

The day, then, of your father's visit to me, was the day when all was so wonderfully accomplished, and I knowing nothing of it, and when your father, the doctor, and the matron were full of doubt and anxiety as to how safely to tell me he had obtained permission to remove me from the prison at once. But I was of the doctor's opinion that it was safest for me to remain there one more night, and grow quietly accustomed to the thought of my liberty. Besides, it seemed to me that a heart so full of happiness *must* have *some* sweet or soothing influence on that gloomy place by merely resting there a few hours, and I could not put from me the childish idea that it was selfish to wish to hasten from it now that I was so rich in peace and liberty.

On the next day, before my departure, I was allowed to see and take leave of each of my fellow-prisoners, which I did with a pity and yearning that deprived me of the power to tell them half I wished of a Deliverer for *them* also, not so far distant as He then might seem. \* \* \* \* \*

KATHERINE SAUNDERS.

## HEAD DRESSES.

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### II.—COLOUR.

WE shall now be tempted to be a little discursive on the colours most worn and most appropriate for head-dresses, but we trust that the practical bearing of the following remarks upon the art of beauty in dress will be too obvious to need any further apology. Many colours are suitable enough to wear in a dress that are most unbecoming in a head-dress: a colour may even be used in the former that could not for a moment be admitted close to the face, as its defects may be remedied artistically by some contrasting colour on the head which improves the face and also harmonises with the dress. Black and white are not, however, necessarily more becoming than colours, as some erroneously suppose—white, indeed, being most trying in masses near complexions that are not very clear or very rosy; and black being extremely gloomy if unrelieved by some other colour—except, of course, in the case of lace, which, from its variation in texture, is never either pure black or pure white. It is in itself black and grey, or white and grey, and in addition reveals the colours that lie beneath it.

We will commence with blue, as the most important of wearable colours.

BLUE has always been a favourite hue among nations past and present. It is difficult to account for its popularity. In large masses it gives the impression of coldness. It is neither so stately as yellow, so vivid as scarlet, nor so manageable as black or white. Perhaps it is because there is so little real blue in nature (if we except the sky) compared with other colours, that it commends itself somewhat as a novelty to our eyes.

There are very few blue flowers; not many blue birds, nor fishes, nor insects, nor minerals: in animals and in the human race there is no blue at all. No beast has blue fur, nor has anybody a blue skin. Blue eyes, which light-haired persons all fancy they possess, are about the rarest things in nature; and when they do occur, are not pleasing. We may even give up the "blue vein," which poets love, as visionary: the veins perceptible, for the most part, are either grey, red, or greenish.

Dark blue was the mourning colour among the ancient Romans, under the Republic, as it is at the present day in Turkey; violet being confined to the nobler classes.

Blue and purple have, from time immemorial, been in high favour



with spiritualists: it is needless to point out that Fra Angelico's famous blues—singularly pure, transparent, and beautiful—are all associated with what we may call intensely spiritual atmospheres. Blue is said to be the colour of truth; purple and white signify purity. Professor Tyndall says it is the colour of the air.

The early Britons evidently admired the colour, as they were in the habit of tattooing divers forms and figures on their bodies, which they stained blue with the plant woad, and which, Cæsar says, gave them a frightful aspect in battle. They were exceedingly proud of these marks, and Herodian attributes their very light and airy style of dress to their desire of displaying them.

Our Saxon ancestors appear to have dyed or otherwise coloured their long bushy hair of a blue colour, as in Saxon drawings they are frequently thus portrayed. It is not known clearly by what means—whether by steeping it in a dye, or filling it with powders of the desired hue. Some suppose the fashion to have been introduced from the East. The use of coloured hair-powders and dyes was practised, according to Josephus, by the Jews, who had a very extensive knowledge of the art of self-adornment. We also find the hair painted green and orange in these Saxon drawings, but blue was the favourite tint. We must not, however, confound this colour with that of Mr. Fox's wig, as described in the "Monthly Magazine" of 1806, when he is said to have worn "blue hair-powder," as this was probably about as blue as the fur of the blue foxes in the Arctic regions—a kind of grey white. No one, as far as we can find out, has been bold enough since the old Saxon time to appear with blue or green hair.

Yet it would probably be a pretty fashion, and to many faces most becoming. If people whose hair is grey-brown dye it bright chesnut, they might just as well dye it blue. The description of the Sea-queen in the old fairy tale, with her pale strange face, bright eyes, and sea-green hair, leaves on us an impression of beauty. At any rate, whatever "goody" people may say about the folly of dyeing one's natural locks, if women *must* beautify beauty, it would be far more pretty to powder their heads with colour or gold, which could easily be brushed out, than to give themselves the appearance of deformity by ill-studied pads that outrage nature and good taste, to say nothing of art.

The famed "Tyrian blue," once in such wide request, was not blue at all. The great difficulty of accurately describing colours, owing probably in some measure to the fact that hardly two people see colours quite alike, has given us very mistaken ideas of this dye. It is sometimes spoken of as blue, at other times as purple, at other times as bright red.

When we now speak of purple in contradistinction to *violet*, most persons properly mean a *rich dark blue*; but people have such mixed



ideas of what this colour is, that when anybody says a thing is purple one is always justified in asking whether he means red or blue. The Romans and Greeks used the word in so many senses that it seems to have signified at length no hue in particular, but ranged from pink to coal black, inclusive of every shade of lilac and blue.

The word *purpura* appears to find its derivation in the Greek *porphura* (porphyry), which is a dark brown red.

Virgil speaks of the blue sea—*mare purpureum*; Propertius, of the rainbow—*arcus purpureus*. Ovid calls a blush purple—*pudor purpureus*, *genæ purpureæ*, &c. Also he mentions purple hair; in the latter case he might mean either the deep-blue black, which we now admire in Italian tresses, or he might mean *red* hair. In the case of the cheeks, as it is impossible any face could grow blue unless by doses of mercury, he must have used purple in its pink or rose-red sense. We cannot, however, assume that it always signified red, as in that case the word could scarcely have been applied to the sea—or to the night—or actually termed *nigra purpura* (Virgil).

Blue was used in as optional a sense as purple. Ovid calls Neptune the “blue god,” *deus cæruleus*; and Virgil applies the same term to Neptune’s chariot. The night, the boat of Charon, the horses of Pluto, usually supposed to be black—

“The coal-black horses rise, they rise” —

trees (*cærulea arbor Palladis*), vegetables (*cæruleus cucumis*, for instance) [Propert.], are alike called blue, when they must mean either *black* or *green*. Indeed, the Roman love for varieties of blue was such that purple came to signify “beautiful,” “shining.” Hence, the verb “to enpurple” meant to beautify, to adorn. To be born in the purple is a term we still use, though the colour is no longer sacred to royalty; and we sometimes say “purple blood,” “purple sunset,” &c., when we mean to say *red*.

Thus there has been much speculation about the blues and purples of the ancients, and especially about the famous Tyrian dye. Some have supposed it to have been identical with our own dark blue; others bright violet, or even scarlet! But colours\* in those times were not what modern chemistry has made them: we can almost match the flowers now. There is every reason to suppose from the vague way in which colours were applied to objects pale or dark throughout the ancient world, that they were mostly dull and imperfect, and, like the modern Oriental colours, each partook greatly of some other, so that there was not much incongruity in calling a black horse “cerulean,” or a red cheek and the sea alike “purple,” or a cucumber either.

The Tyrian dye was in reality nearly allied to our own *puce* (flea

\* See Smith’s Dictionary of the Bible, art. *Colours*.

colour). Now, puce wavers between brown, red, and blue; but its general hue is a kind of dull red violet—in fact much the colour of clotted blood, and to most modern eyes it would probably be an unattractive one. Nevertheless, in large masses this is a very picturesque colour, and beneath the bright and glowing skies of Italy it doubtless had a magnificent effect.

This was the only purple colour known to the ancient world, and is believed to have been discovered by an inhabitant of Tyre, fifteen hundred years before Christ, and perhaps its costliness commended it in great measure to the luxurious Romans, in Cicero's day one pound weight of wool double dyed with this colour being valued at 1,000 denarii [£35]; and when we consider the immense numbers of the little creatures (not fleas, as the French word *puce* would indicate) whence it was obtained, that were necessary to dye even a pound of wool, the labour of gathering them, and the slow and clumsy process of extracting the tiny drop of colour that each contributed, it was really hardly more than it was worth.

It is now generally known that the dye was provided by a few kinds of whelk, found along the shores of the Mediterranean—the *Murex trunculus* and the *Purpura lapillus*—but the trouble of procuring it is hardly realised. The colouring matter is a small drop of a yellowish hue contained in a sac or vessel at the head of the shell, and this yellow matter, when spread on a white slab in the sunshine, is acted on by the sun's rays, which send a bluish tinge into the yellow, turning it green. Presently the green is conquered by the blue, and then a red tinge makes its appearance, which gradually increases in strength and predominates in the final colour, a deep reddish purple or puce, and there is the Tyrian dye.

There is some reason for supposing that the famous dye was even less brilliant than the colour obtained from the fish in this way, for in their clumsy process of extracting it they mixed the colouring matter with the juices of the fish (Plin. ix. 60), and thus impaired it—a mistake which is not at all indispensable.

At Otranto, the ancient Tarentum, are found enormous heaps of these shells, showing that the place was one of the great *murex* fisheries of the Romans.

The "purple and fine linen" and the scarlet and crimson dyes mentioned in the Bible were the same, of course, as the Tyrian dye. The Jews derived all their knowledge of these colours, and the art of extracting and applying them, from Phœnicia and Egypt. Solomon sent to Tyre for the pigments and purple stuffs used in the draperies and colouring of the Temple.

"True blue" was the colour adopted by the Scottish Covenanters in the seventeenth century.

Blue has also been nationalised in England—in the cavalry regiment instituted in the reign of Charles II., which takes its name

(the Blues) from the colour of their coats and cloaks; and in the Royal Navy, in which case it is of a very dark indigo, with a slight warmth in it, and is universally known by the term "navy blue;" also by the University rowers of Oxford and Cambridge, the former having chosen dark, the latter light blue, and on the annual race-day the dense crowds that throng the banks of the Thames, presenting literally a general blue tint from the number of favours and shawls of the popular colour, are a wonderful sight.

There are so many different kinds of blue, or rather so many names to a few kinds, that we have not space to enumerate them here, even were it necessary. Many are only known to dyers and manufacturers, and possess slight differences in the mixture of the chemicals which compose them, which, in some cases, change hardly or not at all the general tint of the colour. There are only three blues in reality—yellow blue, red blue, and black blue: pure blue is that which does not savour of one colour more than another. Turquoise might be an example of the first, ultramarine of the second, and indigo of the third.

I have before said that blue gives an impression of cold, but some blues, of course, are less cold than others. A blue formed of indigo and white is very cold and dull, and walls, or any large space covered with this colour, are most unpleasing—even depressing—unless relieved to a very great extent by warm colours in close proximity. It is also unbecoming to the face, except when reduced by white to lavender.

Ultramarine is the least cold of blues, as there is a certain amount of red pervading it, so that in the shadows it often looks quite violet. It is too brilliant for the face; but is very beautiful in small quantities in dress, or when sparingly introduced in mouldings, decoration of furniture, and the like.

It is worth noting that ultramarine, in a *very deep shade* (when it borrows the name "Alexandra," "royal," &c., according to the period) is one of the most unbecoming colours that can be placed near the face in masses. Its brilliancy lends a yellow hue to the skin, while its deepness withholds the grey shadows cast by pale blues, which are so valuable to delicate complexions: it should be shunned alike by the florid and the fair.

Turquoise blue, which might be made with cobalt and Naples yellow, and which is seen in the greatest perfection in the enamelled porcelain of the Indians and other Orientals, is a most beautiful pale colour, less cold than indigo, yet colder than ultramarine, but in the decoration of rooms should be used rather in small than large quantities. In dress, when not too brilliant, it is exceedingly becoming, especially to fair persons, adding grey to the shadows of the complexion, enhancing the rose of the cheek and any shade of yellow

latent in the hair. It is, though not the *brightest*, the most penetrating of all blues.

The admixture of either red or green in blue for purposes of dress must always be managed with caution. A green blue is a most exquisite hue, but many faces are ruined by a *soupsçon* of green, whilst others are made over-red, or worse, too yellow, by the propinquity of violet. Some mauves are more delicate even than lavender, but others destroy the bloom of the skin. Hardly one woman out of ten knows—or even considers—in selecting colours, their properties in these respects. Indeed, when a woman habitually looks well, it is almost always because she is too pretty to be spoiled; scarcely ever because she is “wise in her generation,” as to the artistic selection or arrangement of the colours employed in her attire.

The chief blues used by artists are indigo, Prussian, Antwerp, cobalt, and ultramarine. Prussian blue is the most powerful of the five, the smallest scrap being sufficient to make a bright blue when mixed with white. This is also identical with the blue used by laundresses. In painting, what we now call *violet*, which we have only recently brought to a dazzling perfection, and made a “fast” colour (violet twenty years ago was a miserably dull hue and extremely fugitive) can be produced by a judicious admixture of the finest blue with crimson lake or madder. Cobalt and rose-madder will make violet; but no common red mixed with any common blue makes violet at all. “Chambers’s Encyclopædia” is very misleading when it says that the admixture of pure red and pure blue will form this colour; and when Redgrave announces that violet is produced by “five red and eight blue,” we are not very much wiser. Crimson or a blue red is the only red admissible, and the finest and rarest blue is indispensable to form anything approaching the bright violet we now so much value. Opaque reds are useless, and so is Prussian blue. Indeed, until the discovery of the two exquisite colours *magenta* and *mauve*, in the coal tar a few years ago, we did not really know what violet was. (It is a curious fact that these two colours are the only two that will not mix harmoniously with any others. When introduced in a pattern or mass they always stand aloof, as it were, like members of an alien tribe that refuse to hold any intercourse with strangers.\*)

A very beautiful blue, little inferior to ultramarine, is said to have been extracted by Elizabeth Rowe from the *cyanus*, or corn-flower, whose colour is so deep and transparent an azure that it has taken its name, some say from the Greek *κύανος*, blue. Others suppose it

\* This is almost universally true. In even the Oriental carpets and fabrics we can at once see how the mixture of these European colours ruins the harmony of all the other colours. But we have seen a Turkish embroidered cloth in which both magenta and modern violet have been introduced with the happiest results. This is, however, a remarkable exception.

to have been called after the nymph Cyane, who played with Persephone in the fields of Sicily before she was carried away. But as Persephone was enchanted by a daffodil, and as daffodils belong to April while the *cyaneus* never appears until August, we think the latter derivation a failure.

GREEN.—From blue to green is a natural transition, and I am rejoiced to tell my younger readers that the dark sage green, which has become so fashionable during the last twelvemonth (1871), although often in the London climate looking so gloomy as to be scarcely distinguishable from black, is an exceedingly becoming colour, and has a fine effect in combination with other colours. It is becoming in itself, because it annuls any tinge of green which may be latent in the complexion, and which, in dark persons, is often more obtrusive than the owners are aware of. The most sallow woman would be indignant at a hint of this, and generally contrives to defy herself by wearing the very colours which increase the defect. Fair persons are also frequently improved by this dingy green, when a pale green would make them look corpse-like.

Sage-green mixes beautifully with salmon-colour: both are most perfect colours to set off a pallid dark complexion. Sage-green also goes well with deep lake, with primrose, and with dull or greenish blues. In the decoration of rooms it may be largely used, on account of its being so good a background. It is a less sharp contrast with surrounding colours than black, and in a pattern will go well with almost everything. It is appropriate for doors and shutters, especially when relieved with gold. For ceilings it is generally too dark.

There are some bright greens which are becoming to the face, but only a few shades. I say *bright* in contradistinction to sage. A dull grass-green with a slight yellow tinge in it is a picturesque colour, and often proves a success in a woollen day-dress—some material, that is to say, without gloss. In silks or satins it is nearly as coarse and unpleasant as a pure bright green, innocent of any hint of blue or yellow; and when worn, as hundreds of women persist in wearing it, with a mass of scarlet, is so horrible as to give positive pain to a sensitive eye. In any concert-room or large assemblage a scarlet opera-cloak usually covers a green dress, and is capped by a green bow in the hair. One may count these mistakes by the dozen, and they arise from the generally diffused milliners' creed, that scarlet and emerald *must* go hand in hand, because green and red are complementaries. The vulgarity and disagreeableness of this mixture ought to be apparent to anybody with the very rudiments of artistic feeling.

Green is often mentioned in mediæval poems as a favourite colour for dress for both men and women. Chaucer's beautiful "*Rosial*" (in the Courts of Love) is robed in a green gown, "*light and summer*

wise, shapen full well," with rubies around her neck ; but, as we have often explained, antique colours were very much less brilliant than modern ones, and rubies are very far from being scarlet. A dull yellow green and dark crimson are a fine mixture.

Pale green, so trying to the majority of faces, is, in some cases, a pretty ornament, and may be mixed craftily with pale blue in a most charming manner. The dress offered to Enid, "where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue played into green," is one of Tennyson's happiest thoughts. It requires, however, taste to do this well ; and alone pale green is better shunned by the inexperienced, unless they be blest with complexions so beautiful that they will survive any ill-treatment.

RED.—The reds admissible in close proximity to the face must be arranged with caution. The red in the face is usually easy to extinguish ; while persons who have very red faces must be even more careful what reds they use than the pale people.

Pink I need not say much about. It is suitable to most young faces, especially the fair, except when the hair inclines to red.

Among reds the chief are "light red" (which has yellow in it), Indian red (a dark red with blue in it), both dull, and both beautiful colours for dress or any decorative purpose. They are, however, not often made pure in stuffs, as more brilliant hues find a readier sale. Carmine and vermilion are the most vivid scarlets—the one having a hint of blue, the other of yellow. Crimson lake is a deep blue red, far more suitable for dress than either of the former, which are almost intolerable in large masses. Rose is a very beautiful hue, having nearly the brilliancy of scarlet, but softened by a blue bloom ; this, however, can only be worn by young and pretty persons, and even then in any quantity is trying, but mingled with black, white, or grey, has a most delicate effect. Little Red Riding-hood was a child, and had the clear skin of childhood—besides, we are not told exactly what red she wore, in any authentic record ; but grown persons are seldom improved by any bright red close around the face.

The Spanish women have made a deep red rose in the hair, just under the ear, an undying fashion ; but then their peculiar complexion and ebony hair are set off by what injures ordinary English faces ; and, moreover, it is usually softened by the graceful mantilla. On our hideous little wire frames, which we call bonnets, a great red rose generally looks absurd, even when the wearer does not suffer from the colour.

Deep heavy reds are much used in the draperies of the old Italian masters, especially of Titian ; but they are always aided and contrasted, as no woman can contrive to be, when moving from place to place. It is generally unsafe to copy a portion of a whole. But some women look picturesque and pleasing in deep red, even that called Turkey red ; and maroon, which is a shade of red, is a very

becoming colour to many. Magenta should be carefully eschewed, as it ruins the complexion, and will not amalgamate with surrounding colours.

**YELLOW.**—Yellow has been for many years greatly and most unjustly despised. It is one of the finest of colours, with many exquisitely beautiful shades, and only when too pure is it unmanageable.

The cold, pale primrose, that shines like a light in the hedgerows, may be massed about a young face with impunity. The dandelion must be used only in single vivid spots of flame. An older face must be more gently dealt with, by a brownish yellow. The brunette may wear a green yellow, and be all the better for it. Only pure chrome or mustard-colour is intolerable by day; and even that by gas or candle-light is so much softened and paled that it becomes perfectly permissible in a dress. Orange, however, in large masses should be generally avoided, except in soft dull materials.

Yellows of some shades are the most suitable of all colours to place near the face, so good is the effect on the complexion; they make the skin look fairer than it really is, and, of course, enhance the blues and pinks. What is called buff, a somewhat dull, tawny, or warm yellow, is one of these. We all know how beautiful is the effect of yellow hair when it occurs, which is not often, certainly; and how finely a bit of this colour lightens and vivifies a picture. I have in my mind at this moment two instances of this—the flowing hair of the Magdalen at the foot of the cross, in one of Rubens's paintings in the Antwerp Gallery; and that of a figure in a picture by John Bellini, a wondrous work at Venice. The girl's hair is golden, with a ripple in it, and her eyes are large, haunting, pellucid brown. Yellow was a favourite colour with most of the old masters. Many early painters reproduce again and again pet draperies of shot yellow and green, yellow and red, &c. Paul Veronese has a *penchant* for a certain yellow shot with pink, which is extremely beautiful. Rubens often puts in a mass of deep yellow in a curtain or garment in his pictures with singularly good effect; and many other instances might be given. Vandyke is fond of a rich shade, almost the colour of ale, which seems to go well with everything.

Yellow also goes pleasantly with a number of colours. A pale, dull blue is one; but pure blue and pure yellow are very harsh together. Plum, salmon, maroon, sage, also mix well with yellow. Primrose tint may be carefully mingled with pale rose; but the more vivid a colour is, the more care is needed in mixing it with others without a jar. *One out of two colours should always be dull and not too pure*; this is not generally known, or it is forgotten, and the result is the coarse and vulgar contrasts that we see around us. Ambers of all shades are exceedingly good and becoming.

In conclusion, let me assure my readers that I am only desirous



that the few hints I have here been able to give, with regard to the colours and forms admitted near the face, should lead them to perceive the real importance of this matter, if dress is to be considered at all as a decorative and not merely a decent covering.

I have before written of the importance of carefully decorating our rooms as a background to our figures; but I must also emphatically add, that it is useless to make one's walls beautiful, if the objects placed against them are out of keeping. A good background cannot correct ungainly lines about your own person, and discordant colours brought in contact with them. If you wish to look as you were meant to look—as every wild thing looks in its natural state and place—always harmonious, always in drawing, always appropriate, and, in fact, exactly right, you *must* eschew some of the hateful disguises that imprison half the body and deform the rest. You must fling the opinions of the dressmaker, the barber, and the haberdasher to the four winds, and bring the same care and intelligence to bear upon your dress and your surroundings as are lavished upon higher matters, whose purposes may be grander, but which are not more influential or more civilizing than the arts, proprieties, and fascinations of personal adornment.

M. E. HAWES.



## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN IRRECONCILEABLE.

### V.

IN proposing an attempt to make real in some slight degree the process by which, at so short a distance in time from the death of George IV., the world best known to us finds itself where it is, I was thinking of my *own* difficulties in conceiving that process. "The reader" was a phrase that slipped from my pen, for very likely he may have no difficulty at all in the matter, and may know ten times more of the facts than I do—which may very well be the case; for my knowledge, my first-hand knowledge of them, is slight indeed. But though I have never felt it hard to put some sort of real life into any other age or people,—Roman, Greek, or Jew, Scythian, bond, or free,—I have never known what to make of the Regency, and the people and times the word suggests. I do not confine myself to a few years one way or the other, and in the hitherward direction I come down to the first Reform Bill, or thereabouts. I take in the time at which Leigh Hunt was sent to prison; and Gifford was still thought a considerable person; and Christopher North wrote his coarse and brutal politics; and a reptile like Croker was a *possibility* in politics and literature; and a "Morning Post," like that ridiculed in the "Rejected Addresses," could exist along with Cobbett and his "Register," and Theodore Hook and the "John Bull." This is a time that "floors" me. That sane human beings should ever have cared one rap for Sheridan's speeches, or that Beau Brummell should have been a hero in his way, or that royalty should survive the rude trials to which it was subjected in the persons of the third and fourth Georges, are things that I *cannot* understand.

The last point is, however, the least difficult. I have already said that during the early part of my life I paid very little—few will understand *how* little—attention to public matters, and the habit of ignoring them continued with me until five-and-thirty. "Never read newspapers," said my mother, and I obeyed her easily, for nothing tempted me to do otherwise. "The Leader" was the first newspaper that I ever read—and that not until 1851-2. But it does not follow that my impressions or opinions about public men and things must be untrustworthy. It is a general rule, which I have often verified, that an utterly fresh and unhackneyed mind may form useful judgments in the very matters of which it knows least. I say boldly then, just to begin with, that George IV. has been over-abused. Thackeray's dislike of him was indulged till it became a quasi-personal spite, and it never had—for me—a very truthful ring. George IV.

was made much worse than he need have been, by the radically untruthful criticism to which he was subjected during his life (—I scent the facts rather than know them—), and Thackeray was injured in a similar way. *He*, indeed, evidently misunderstood, and perhaps never could have done otherwise than misunderstand, much of the unfavourable criticism which was passed upon him. He took it for an indirect attack upon the moral tone of his character; and this reacted in the way of making him particularly "vicious" in his criticism of men who displayed certain bad qualities—*e. g.* Sterne and George IV.

This reference to Thackeray is by no means irrelevant. He was *peculiarly* at home in the Queen Anne and the later Georgian eras. I cannot, as many would have me do, receive Pendennis and Clive, and some others, as typical nineteenth-century people. The trail of an older time is over them all. There is no proof that this great man ever understood his own century or was at home in it; but the best of him, if we could only distil it, would be found very much to represent the best of the later Georgian era; while his dislikes would do something to guide us to its worst. Loyalty was by itself a thing after his own heart, and one might even go so far as to say that his leaning was decidedly to this kind of view,—that whoever could manage to get hold of power should be allowed to continue using it. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin have openly avowed doctrines that logically run up into this; the last year of European revolution Mr. Carlyle has called a "shameful year," meaning that the shame lay in the incapacity of kings—the king of Naples among them—to hold their own; and Mr. Ruskin has declared that he prefers the government of the worst autocrat on the continent to that of "Liberalism."\* Thackeray's loyalty to institutions and governing persons as he found them would have none of this savage intensity about it,—it would justify itself by a scepticism like Warrington's, and end, however inconsistently, in "one thing is as good as another and perhaps better." The loyalty of the Georgian era was another thing,—much more intense and in its way more logical. But I remember, how, at a very early age, Dibdin's songs used to bother me. A fellow is made to bawl, for the information of land-lubbers, that his heart is his Poll's, his purse is his friend's, and his life is his king's, d'y'e see: and

\* I had better, perhaps, give the exact words:—

"Corrupt as it" (the old aristocracy of Europe) "may be, and its laws together, I would, at this moment, if I could, fasten every one of its institutions down with bands of iron, and trust for all progress and help against its tyranny simply to the patience and strength of private conduct." [Why should any one be "patient" under tyranny?] "And, if I had to choose, I would tenfold rather see the tyranny of old Austria triumphant in the Old and New Worlds," [! !] "and trust to the chance, or rather the distant certainty," [why "certainty" ?] "of some day seeing a true emperor born to its throne, than, with every privilege of thought and act, run the most distant risk of seeing the thoughts of the people of Germany and England become like the thoughts of the people of America."

I used to reply instantly, No, Jack, I do *not* see. Your "life" cannot be supported without your "purse;" and if your "heart" is your Poll's, your "life" must be hers also. Jack, you are in an illogical "concatenation accordingly," and you must "mend your instances." There was another song of Georgian loyalty, which ran very much like this:—

"I sing the tree of liberty,  
Indeed it is no joke, sirs,  
The best e'er found on earthly ground,  
I mean the British oak, sirs.

"The body fair, I do compare  
Unto our gracious king, sirs;  
The boughs so great to lords of state,  
If I'm allowed the thing, sirs."

There my memory breaks down, but I presume the second line of the next couplet must have been something about "rank and station;" for in the couplet which joined with it the leaves on the boughs are compared to "the people of this nation." I believe this song is proper to the reign of George III., but its hypothesis was a living one in the time of William IV. Nobody can help missing in the loyal songs and speeches of to-day the full-bodied flavour which characterised those of even 1832 as I remember them: when "Our Sailor King, God bless him!" was a common sentiment of popular rapture. At the time of the passing of the Reform Bill, "William the Reformer,"—"Our Reforming Monarch,"—and ascriptions of that order were simple instances of fluke in popular judgment; and when people came, as they did at last, to understand that his Majesty was not, after all (to use a recent phrase of irony applied to a great man), a "people's William," they turned round upon him with the usual "people's" facility of movement in such matters. I remember caricatures in which "the King, God bless him," was represented in the *toilette des condamnés*, receiving what the Scotch, I believe, call a justification, at the hands of Queen Adelaide, who was brandishing over the prostrate monarch (one must say "monarch" for this once) a most terrific birch-rod.

Now-a-days, there are three or four kinds of loyalty on foot. There is the fine old Tory article of the port-wine flavour, but of this not much exists. What there is of it Thackeray would have sympathised with, while he still kept a corner of his sleeve in which to laugh at it. There is, secondly, the Carlylese or Ruskinese loyalty, which fancies it has a philosophic justification and an inevitable root in the necessities of human society. There is, thirdly, the temperate loyalty of persons like, say, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Helps, and the majority of the Broad Church school, who manage somehow or other to reverence the Throne on account of its historic justifications; but this kind of loyalty I do not profess to describe or under-

stand. Fourthly, there is the loyalty of the republicans, who think the best policy in the interest of their scheme for "turning the throne into a three-legged stool" (I use language which one of the order used to me), is to be pretty conspicuously, or at least ungrudgingly loyal, while the monarchy is respected by a majority of the people. Fifthly, there is the loyalty of women and sentimental men who make the morality of the sovereign the peg for their homage as subjects. (Strictly speaking, this is not loyalty in any political sense; for though a *bad* man could not be a good sovereign, an "immoral" man might be a king among kings.) Sixthly,—and here we come to the great mass of popular loyalty in recent times—there is the loyalty of national bumpiousness. I carefully studied the countenances of the mobs at theatres and the like at the time Mr. Brinley Richards' song used to be so commonly sung a little *after* the recovery of the Prince of Wales; and I have no hesitation in saying that the prevailing expression in the faces of the people was bumpiousness. The British public, not understanding the mysteries of the Civil List, hold in all its crudeness the belief that they *keep* the Queen and Royal Family, much as you might keep a footman; and their pride in "the prince" was just the pride of a retired shopkeeper, who is ready to burst with the inflation of keeping a carriage—*q.d.* "Our prince,—we pay for him,—think of *that* now!" This kind of feeling I affirm to be the loyalty of most Englishmen—and it is as brittle and uninstructed as many other forms of popular conceit.

In the time of George IV., the loyalty of bumpiousness was, surely (I am of necessity only scenting my way), the feeling of classes of society much higher up than those among whom it is now the *prevailing* form of the sentiment. On the other hand, it was opposed—and kept alive in part—by anti-loyal feelings of a kind which are not now so active, or at least so virulent; they have been robbed of some of their wilful, blundering, reckless venom. We should scarcely believe, now-a-days, in the existence of a Cato-Street conspiracy, nor can we very easily conceive of a man being sent to prison for calling a royal personage "a fat Adonis of fifty," or for an article, or any series of articles, of such a character as was held indictable in the days of the Georges.

On the other hand, such a pamphlet as "The Confessional Unmasked," while it might have been freely circulated in the days of the Georges, cannot now be sold or circulated without subjecting the persons concerned to a prosecution. I here express no opinion as to the justice of this particular case, I merely signalise a fact.

We must bear in mind, too, the fortunes of Byron's "Don Juan," and Shelley's "Queen Mab." In these it was found, I believe, that no copyright was sustainable. At all events that statement is justly representative of the state of things in England at about 1820, as to publications of a certain class.

It may be observed that directly propagandist books like "Queen Mab," in which, text and notes, there is not one indecent or insincere word, fared even worse than books like "Don Juan," which were both indecent and cynical,—immoral in the profound, as distinguished from the superficial sense.

If in this respect society has improved, the improvement is not great. But in all these paragraphs I am treading among hot coals, and weighing every phrase as it goes down upon the paper.

We cannot fail to observe that, at all events, the public assumptions in matters of politics and morality have shifted their real or apparent centres of gravity. It was but as yesterday that the ballad of Jemmy Dawson was written, and traitors were disembowelled alive. The authority, or dignity, of a privileged individual, and after that, the authority or dignity of certain classes of privileged persons, in certain gradations, were the pegs upon which everything was hung. "Society" was not safe if these were touched but with one irreverent breath. Now-a-days "the public" in general look with comparative indifference at an attack upon the throne, or in any form upon that wonderful fetic of "Church and State," of which I used to hear so often when I was young (though that was much later); but anything like defiance of the verdict of the "respectable" majority is looked upon with disfavour. That verdict decides the *practice* in all the most important matters that can exercise the human mind.

Whether this change is favourable to liberty and to goodness is of course a very wide question; but it is assuredly adverse to the former; not only in itself, but perhaps even by comparison.

The growth of the population in a small country, along with the rapid evolution of humane ideas consequent upon the whole series of events of which the French Revolution may be taken as the centre, contributed very largely, if not principally, to the formation of the new ideal of Respectability. While this is something quite apart from wealth, station, luxury, and religiousness, it takes up some of the weight of all these. Respectability is an idea which carries with it a certain degree of comfort in the style of living, as well as a pretty high degree of well-conductedness. We sometimes hear the formal antithesis, "poor, but respectable;" but nobody is considered "respectable" who does not make it the rule of his life to feed and dress like his social "betters" as far as he can. A man may be respectable without actually having much money in his pocket; but whatever effort it costs him, he must aim at a certain style of living. It would be hard to define this "certain style;" but perhaps we shall not be very far out if we say that imitation of the class next above in what is called the social scale is the essence of it. So long as this attempt at imitation is kept up, a very, very poor working man's family may be respectable, though there is not meat upon the table from week's end to week's end, and though the debts are not paid;

but on the other hand, no signs of culture, and, indeed, no regularity in paying bills, will make a "ramshackle" household "respectable." Among the chief guardians and patrons of the Respectable Ideal are policemen, small clergymen, domestic servants, tradespeople, menial persons in general, parochial officers, and landlords of small properties. On the whole, the essential features of the Respectable Ideal may be described as *Physical Comfort* and *Menial Vanity*. The relation of Physical Comfort to the progress of Science has been touched by a friend of mine in passages to which I shall have to refer hereafter, in resuming the subject of the transition from 1820 to 1870.

In the meanwhile, to prevent as far as I can any cynical inferences, or at least to prevent any one's supposing that such inferences are of my own drawing, I may state in small compass my own belief upon a small but important part of the question of progress. It is this :—The majority of the human race, civilised or not, are low in type; they have poor consciences; the merest film of poetic sensibility; and, though capable of much kindness and friendliness, are, on the whole, moved by poor motives. But most people *mean* well, and, in ways which only Heaven understands, the lower social forces are, in fact, controlled by the upper, in such wise that the total outcome is a general movement of things towards the Best Thing.

It would be almost trivially obvious to remark that the problem of the efficient causes of the real progress of the last thirty years or so is one of the deepest complexity; it must necessarily be so. In the course of the general gossip with which it is proposed to break up the inevitable egotism of these autobiographical notes, I shall hope to deal with several portions of the problem from my own point of view. But in this number I can only signalise two or three points.

There are certain words which inevitably come to the front when we compare our own times with those of our fathers or grandfathers. Yet the changes have been rung so often on some of those words that when pronounced to-day they have something of the effect of novelty. Fifteen years ago, the first two of the words I am now going to write down would have roused the cry of *trite*! or *commonplace*!—and deservedly. But after doing duty in public till we all got sick of them, they retired to the background, and remained there so long that they may now reappear with something of the gloss of their first yesterdays upon them. The three words I write down after this apology are, the *steam-engine*; the *printing press* (from which, indeed, the steam-engine cannot in practice, though it may in logic, be separated); and *organization*.

Leaving the first two of these words for the present, we will have at once just a sentence or two about the third. In all the historic ages men have been prompted to organization and have found the uses of it. But most of its later forms seem to me to be in essence religious. They have been combinations prompted, or at least

strongly approved by the conscience, for purposes which it was believed the Ruling Power of the world would help the combining persons to consummate. I believe the French Revolution and Methodism to have been both of them outbreaks at opposite poles of the same religious force. As far as this country is concerned I believe the secret of that wonderful force of voluntary conscientious organization which fills so large a place in the story of to-day, to have been begged, borrowed, stolen, or caught from Methodism.

I will not pursue this topic any farther till I come to the steam-engine question, or to Charles Knight's "Penny Magazine," to which my obligations were and are inexpressible.

But to prevent misconceptions in the matter of loyalty, I will just add that I have personally no republican hankerings whatever. So long as government does its duty—the chief part of that duty being, in my eyes, to make people leave others free to carry out their own ideas of duty and happiness—my natural tastes would incline me to a form of government in which "the untouched and the ornamental" played a conspicuous part. I may explain the force of this expression by an anecdote, though it will be out of its place here as to date.

I was a member of the Society of Friends of Italy in the days when Mr. Masson was Secretary and Mr. Stansfeld Assistant Secretary. Being present at one of their soirées at Freemasons' Hall, I there heard Mr. Masson read, in his emphatic way, a letter of apology for absence from Leigh Hunt; that is to say, I caught part of the document. I gathered from what reached me that Leigh Hunt flinched—or at least that the people on the platform, Mazzini, Masson, Stansfeld, F. W. Newman, and others, thought he flinched—from the whole concern because its programme was republican. At all events his letter expressed an opinion that healthy and cultivated human nature demanded "the untouched and the ornamental" at the top of the social fabric. An ironical smile went round the faces of the upper powers of the meeting, and a stout gentleman near me whispered—"pension." Let no one dream that I repeat the sarcasm approvingly. The sentiment was eminently characteristic of Leigh Hunt.

Not to make this paper too long, I pause here, because I want to introduce certain lines about White Conduit House, which some readers may be amused to see. They come from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1760:—

#### "WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

' And to White Conduit House,  
We will go, will go, will go.'

*Grub Street Register.*

" WISH'D Sunday's come—mirth brightens ev'ry face,  
And paints the rose upon the housemaid's cheek,  
Harriet, or Mol, morè ruddy. Now the heart  
Of prentice resident in ample street,



Or alley kennel-wash'd, Cheapside, Cornhill,  
 Or Cranborne, thee for calcuments renown'd, [?]

With joy distends. His meal meridian o'er,  
 With switch in hand, he to White Conduit House  
 Hies merry-hearted. Human beings here  
 In couples multitudinous assemble,  
 Forming the drollest groupe that ever trod  
 Fair Islingtonian plains. Male after male,  
 Dog after dog succeeding—husbands—wives—  
 Fathers and mothers—brothers—sisters—friends—  
 And pretty little boys and girls. Around,  
 Across, along, the gardens' shrubby maze,  
 They walk, they sit, they stand. What crowds press on  
 Eager to mount the stairs, eager to catch  
 First vacant bench or chair in long room plac'd.  
 Here prig with prig holds conference polite,  
 And indiscriminate the gaudy beau  
 And sloven mix. Here he, who all the week  
 Took bearded mortals by the nose, or sat  
 Weaving dead hairs, and whistling wretched strain,  
 And eke the sturdy youth, whose trade it is  
 Stout oxen to contund, with gold-bound hat  
 And silken stocking, strut. The red-arm'd belle  
 Here shows her tasty gown, proud to be thought  
 The butterfly of fashion : and forsooth  
 Her haughty mistress deigns for once to tread  
 The same unhallow'd floor—'Tis hurry all  
 And rattling cups and saucers. Waiter here,  
 And waiter there, and waiter here and there,  
 At once is call'd—Joe—Joe—Joe—Joe—Joe—  
 Joe on the right—and Joe upon the left,  
 For ev'ry vocal pipe re-echoes Joe.  
 Alas Poor Joe ! Like Francis in the play  
 He stands confounded, anxious how to please  
 The many-headed throng. But should I paint  
 The language, humours, custom of the place,  
 Together with all curt'sys, lowly bows,  
 And compliments extern, 'twould swell my page  
 Beyond its limits due. Suffice it then  
 For my prophetic muse to say : "So long  
 As fashion rides upon the wing of time,  
 While tea and cream and butter'd rolls can please,  
 While rival beaux, and jealous belles exist,  
 So long, White Conduit House, shall be thy fame."

It must be borne in mind that in what I said about White Conduit House in the previous paper, as in many other cases, I am often, necessarily, scenting my way rather than speaking from particular knowledge. What I say will always be representatively true, but there may be errors in small matters : for example, there may have been no spring of water rising under the white flint hut that was mentioned.

AN IRRECONCILEABLE.

(To be continued.)



## PROSE AND VERSE.

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THE "music of the future" is at last slowly approaching its apotheosis ; since "Lohengrin" has signally triumphed in Italy, and the South is opening its ears to the subtle secrets of the Teutonic Muse. The outcome of Wagner's consummate art is a war against mere melody and tintinabulation, such as have for many long years delighted the ears of both gods and groundlings. Is it too bold, then, to anticipate for future "Poetry" some such similar triumph ? Freed from the fetters of pedantry on the one hand, and escaping the contagion of mere jingle on the other, may not Poetry yet arise to an intellectual dignity parallel to the dignity of the highest music and philosophy ? It may seem at a first glance over-sanguine to hope so much, at the very period when countless Peter Pipers of Verse have overrun literature so thoroughly, robbing poetry of all its cunning, and "picking their pecks of pepper" to the delight of a literary Music Hall ; but, in good truth, when disease has come to a crisis so enormous, we have good reason to hope for amendment. A surfeit of breakdowns and nigger-melodies, or of Offenbach and Hervé, or of "Lays" and "Rondels," and "Songs without Sense," is certain to lead to a reaction all in good time. A vulgar taste, of course, will always cling to vulgarity, preferring in all honesty the melody of Gounod to the symphony of Beethoven, and the tricksy, shallow verse of a piece like Poe's "Bells" to the subtly interwoven harmony of a poem like Matthew Arnold's "Strayed Reveller." True Art, however, must triumph in the end. Sooner or later, when the Wagner of poetry arises, he will find the world ready to understand him ; and we shall witness some such effect as Coleridge predicted—a crowd, previously familiar with Verse only, vibrating in wonder and delight to the charm of *oratio soluta*, or loosened speech.

Already, in a few words, we have sketched out a subject for some future æsthetic philosopher or philosophic historian. A sketch of the past history of poetry, in England alone, would be sufficiently startling ; and surely a most tremendous indictment might be drawn thence against Rhyme. Glance back over the works of British bards, from Chaucer downwards ; study the *delitiæ Poetarum Anglicorum*. What delightful scraps of melody ! what glorious bursts of song ! Here is Chaucer, wearing indeed with perfect grace his metrical dress ; for it sits well upon him, and becomes his hoar antiquity, and we would not for the world see him clad in the freedom of prose. Here is

Spenser ; and Verse becomes *him* well, fitly modulating the faëry tale he has to tell. Here are Gower, Lydgate, Dunbar, Surrey, Gascoigne, Daniel, Drayton, and many others : each full of dainty devices ; none strong enough to stand without a rhyme-prop on each side of him. Of all sorts of poetry, except the very best, these gentlemen give us samples ; and their works are delightful reading. As mere metrists, cunning masters of the trick of verse, Gascoigne and Dunbar are acknowledged masters. Take the following verses from the "Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins":

" Then Ire came in with sturt and strife,  
His hand was aye upon his knife,  
He brandeist like a beir ;  
Boasters, braggarts, and bargainers,  
After him passit in pairs,  
All boden in feir of weir . . .  
Next in the dance followed Envy,  
Fill'd full of feid and felony,  
Hid malice and despite.  
For privy hatred that traitor trembled,  
Him follow'd many freik dissembled,  
With fenyit wordis white ;  
And flatterers unto men's faces,  
And back-biters in secret places,  
To lie that had delight,  
With rowmaris of false leasings ;  
Alas that courts of noble kings  
Of them can ne'er be quite ! "

This, allowing for the lapse of years, still reads like "Peter Piper" at his best ; easy, alliterative, pleasant, if neither deep nor cunning. For this sort of thing, and for many higher sorts of things, Rhyme was admirably adapted, and is still admirably adapted. When, however, a larger music and a more loosened speech was wanted, Rhyme went overboard directly.

On the stage even, Rhyme did very well, as long as the matter was in the *Ralph Royster Doyster* vein ; but a larger soul begot a larger form, and the blank verse of Gorboduc was an experiment in the direction of loosened speech. How free this speech became, how by turns loose and noble, how subtle and flexible it grew, in the hands of Shakspeare and the Elizabethans, all men know ; and rare must have been the delight of listeners whose ears had been satiated so long with mere alliteration and jingle. The language of Shakspeare, indeed, must be accepted as the nearest existing approach to the highest and freest poetical language. Here and there rhymed dialogue was used, when the theme was rhythmic and not too profound ; as in the pretty love-scenes of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the bantering, punning chat of *Love's Labour's Lost*. True song sparkled up in its place like a fountain. But the level dialogue for

the most part was loosened speech. Observe the following speech of Prospero, usually printed in lines, each beginning with a capital :—

"This King of Naples, being an enemy to me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ; which was,—that he, in lieu of the premises, of homage and I know not how much tribute, should presently extirpate me and mine out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan, with all the honours, on my brother. Whereon, a treacherous army levied, one midnight fated to the purpose did Antonio open the gates of Milan ; and, in the dead of darkness, the ministers for the purpose hurried thence *me* and thy crying self !"

*Tempest*, Act I., Scene 2.

Any poet since Shakspeare would doubtless have modulated this speech more *exquisitely*, laying special stress on the five accented syllables of each line. Shakspeare, however, was too true a musician. He knew when to use careless dialogue like the above, and when to break in with subtle modulation ; and he knew, moreover, how the loose prose of the one threw out the music of the other. He knew well how to inflate his lines with the measured oratory of an offended king :

"The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man  
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession ;  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at ;  
That men would tell their children, *This is he !*  
Others would say, *Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*" &c.

*Henry IV.*, Part I., Act III., Scene 2.

In the hands of our great Master, indeed, blank verse becomes almost exhaustless in its powers of expression ; but nevertheless, prose is held in reserve, not merely as the fitting colloquial form of the "humorous" scenes, but as the appropriate loosened utterance of strong emotion. The very highest matter of all, indeed, is sometimes delivered in prose, as its most appropriate medium. Take the wonderful set of prose dialogues in the second act of "*Hamlet*," and notably that exquisitely musical speech of the Prince, beginning, "I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth." Turn, also, to Act V. of the same play, where the "mad matter" between Hamlet and the Gravediggers, so full of solemn significance and sound, is prose once more. The noble tragedy of "*Lear*," again, owes much of its weird power to the frequent use of broken speech.

And is the following any the less powerful or passionate because it goes to its own music, instead of following any prescribed form ?—

"I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

*Merchant of Venice*, Act III., Scene 1.

It would be tedious to prolong illustrations from an author with whom everybody is supposed to be familiar. Enough to say that the careful student of Shakspeare will find his most common magic to lie in the frequent use, secret or open, of the *oratio soluta*. And what holds of him, holds in more or less measure of his contemporaries—of Jonson, Marston, Webster, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Greene, Peele, and the rest; just as it holds of the immediate predecessor of Shakspeare, whose "mighty line" led the way for the full Elizabethan choir of voices. Then, as now, society had been surfeited with tedious jingle; and only waited for genius to set it free. It is difficult to say in what respect the following scene differs from first-class prose; although we have occasionally an orthodox blank verse line, the bulk of the passage is free and unencumbered; yet its weird imaginative melody could scarcely be surpassed.

*Duch.* Is he mad, too?

*Servant.* Pray question him; I'll leave you.

*Bos.* I am come to make thy tomb.

*Duch.* Ha! my tomb?

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed

Gasping for breath. Dost thou perceive me such?

*Bos.* Yes.

*Duch.* Who am I? am not I thy duchess?

*Bos.* That makes thy sleep so broken:

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,

But look'd to near have neither heat nor light.

*Duch.* Thou art very plain.

*Bos.* My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living;

I am a tomb-maker.

*Duch.* And thou hast come to make my tomb?

*Bos.* Yes!

*Duch.* Let me be a little merry:

Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

*Bos.* Nay, resolve me first: of what fashion?

*Duch.* Why do we grow phantastical on our death-bed?

Do we affect fashion in the grave?

*Bos.* Most ambitiously. Princes' images on the tombs

Do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray

Up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks,

As if they died of the toothache! They are not carved

With their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as

Their minds were wholly bent upon the world,

The self-same way they seem to turn their faces,

*Duch.* Let me know fully, therefore, the effect  
Of this thy dismal preparation !—  
This talk fit for a charnel.

*Bos.* Now I shall (*a coffin, cords, and a bell*).  
Here is a present from your princely brothers ;  
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings  
Last benefit, last sorrow.\*

He who will carefully examine the works of our great dramatists, will find everywhere an equal freedom ; rhythm depending on the emotion of the situation, and the quality of the speakers, rather than on any fixed laws of verse.

If we turn, on the other hand, to dramatists and poets of less genius, if we open the works of Waller, Cowley, Marvell, Dryden, and even of Milton, we shall find much exquisite music, but little perhaps of that wondrous cunning familiar to us in Shakspeare and the greatest of his contemporaries. Shallow matter, as in Waller ; ingenious learned matter, as in Cowley ; dainty matter, as in Andrew Marvell ; artificial matter, as in Dryden ; and puritan matter, as in Milton, were all admirably fitted for rhymed or some other formal sort of Verse. Rhyme, indeed, may be said, while hampering the strong, to strengthen and fortify the weak. But, of the men we have just named, the only genius approaching the first-class was Milton ; and so no language can be too great to celebrate the praises of *his* singing. Passage after passage, however, might be cited from his great work, where, like Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," he talks prose without knowing it ; and, to our thinking, his sublimest feats of pure music are to be found in that drama† where he permits himself, in the ancient manner, the free use of loosened cadence. Milton, however, great as he is, is a great formalist, sitting "stately at the harpsichord." A genius of equal earnestness, and of almost equal strength—we mean Jeremy Taylor—wrote entirely in prose ; and it has been well observed by a good critic that "in any one of his prose folios there is more fine fancy and original imagery—more brilliant conceptions and glowing expressions—more new figures and new applications of old figures—more, in short, of the body and soul of poetry, than in all the odes and epics that have since been produced in Europe." Nor should we have omitted to mention, in glancing at the Elizabethan drama, that the prose of Bacon is as poetical, as lofty, and in a certain sense as musical, as the more formal "poetry" of the best of his contemporaries.

Very true, exclaims the reader, but what *are* we driving at ? Would we condemn verse altogether as a form of speech, and

\* *The Duchess of Malfy*, Act IV. Scene 2. The above extract is much condensed. The reader who would fully feel the force of our allusion, cannot do better than study Webster's great tragedy as a whole. It utterly discards all metrical rules, and abounds in wonderful music.

† *Samson Agonistes*.

abolish rhyme from literature for ever? Certainly not! We would merely suggest the *dangers* of Verse, and the *limitations* of Rhyme, and briefly show how the highest Poetry of all answers to no fixed scholastic rules, but embraces, or ought to embrace, all the resources both of Verse generally and of what is usually, for want of a better name, entitled Prose. On this, as on many points, tradition confuses us. The word "Poet" means something more than a singer of songs or weaver of rhymes. What are we to say to a literary classification which calls "*Absalom and Achitophel*" a poem, and denies the title to "*The Pilgrim's Progress*;" which includes "*Cato*" and the "*Rape of the Lock*" under the poetical head, and excludes Sidney's "*Arcadia*" and the "*Vicar of Wakefield*;" which extends to Cowper, Chatterton, Gray, Keats, and Campbell the laurel it indignantly denies to Swedenborg, Addison (who created Sir Roger de Coverley!), Burke, Dickens, and Carlyle; and which has for so long delayed the placing of Walter Scott's novels in their due niche just below the plays of Shakspeare?

Instead of being the *spontaneous* speech of inspired men in musical moods, Verse has become a "form of literature," binding so-called "poets" as strictly as bonds of brass and iron; and the effort of most of our strong men has been to free their limbs as much as possible, by working in the most flexible chain of all, that of *blank verse*. If the reader will take the trouble to compare the early verse of Tennyson with his later works, wherein he has found it necessary to shake his soul free of its over-modulated formalism, he will understand what we mean. If, just after a perusal of even "*Guinevere*" and "*Lucretius*," he will read Whitman's "*Centenarian's Story*" or Coleridge's "*Wanderings of Cain*," his feeling of the "wonderfulness of prose" will be much strengthened. That feeling may thereupon be deepened to conviction by taking up and reading any modern poet immediately before a perusal of the authorized English version of the "*Book of Job*," "*Ecclesiastes*," or the wonderful "*Psalms of David*."

It is really strange that Wordsworth just hit the truth, in the masterly preface to his "*Lyrical Ballads*." "It may be safely affirmed," he says, "that there neither is, nor can be, any *essential* difference between the language of prose and metrical composition . . . Much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of Fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is *Metre*; nor is *this* in truth a strict antithesis, because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them even were it desirable." Theoretically in the right, this great poet was often practically in the wrong; using rhythmic speech habitually for non-rhythmic moods, and leaving us no example of glorious loosened

speech, combining all the effects of pure diction and of metre. After generations of "Pope"-ridden poets, the Wordsworthian language was "loosened" indeed; but it sounds now sufficiently formal and pedantic. His only contemporaries of equal greatness—we mean of course Scott and Byron—were sufficiently encumbered by verse. Scott soon threw off his fetters, and rose to the feet of Shakspeare. Byron never had the courage to abandon them altogether; but he played fine pranks with them in "Don Juan," and, had he lived, would have pitched them over entirely. On the other hand, the fine genius of Shelley and the wan genius of Keats worked with perfect freedom in the form of verse: first, because they neither of them possessed much humour or human unction; second, because their subjects were vague, unsubstantial, and often (as in the "Cenci") grossly morbid; and third, because they were both of them overshadowed by false models, involving a very retrograde criterion of poetic beauty. Writers of the third or perhaps of the fourth rank, they occupy their places, masters of metric beauty, often deep and subtle, never very light or strong. Once more, what shall we say to a literary classification which grants Shelley the name of "poet" and denies it to Jean Paul? and which (since poetry is admittedly the highest literary form of all, and worthy of the highest honour) sets a spare falsetto singer like John Keats high over the head of a consummate artist like George Sand?

We have had it retorted, by those who disagreed with Wordsworth's theory, that its *reductio ad absurdum* was to be found in Wordsworth's own "Excursion;" that "poem" being full of the most veritable prose that was ever penned by man. Very good. Take a passage:—

"Ah, gentle sir! slight, if you will, the *means*, but spare to slight the *end*, of those who did, by system, rank as the prime object of a wise man's aim—security from shock of accident, release from fear; and cherished peaceful days for their own sakes, as mutual life's chief good and only reasonable felicity. What motive drew, what impulse, I would ask, through a long course of later ages, drove the hermit to his cell in forest wide; or what detained him, till his closing eyes took their last farewell of the sun and stars, fast anchored in the desert?"—*Excursion*, Book III.

This is not only prose, but indifferent prose; poor, colloquial, ununctional; and no amount of modulation could make it poetry. Contrast with it another passage, of great and familiar beauty:—

"I have seen a curious child, who dwelt upon a tract of inland ground, applying to his ear the convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell, to which, in silence hushed, his very soul listened intently. His countenance soon brightened with joy; for from within were heard murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed mysterious union with its native sea. Even such a shell the universe itself is to the ear of Faith. And there are times, I doubt not, when to you it doth impart authentic tidings of invisible things, of ebb and flow, and ever-during power, and central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation."

*Excursion*, Book IV.

Prose again, but how magnificent! poetical imagery worthy of Jeremy Taylor; but losing nothing by being printed naturally. The conclusion of the whole matter, so far as it affects the "Excursion," is that the work, while essentially fine in substance, suffers from an unnatural form. Read as it stands, it is rather prosy poetry. Written properly, it would have been admitted universally as a surpassing poem in prose; although it contains a great deal which, whether printed as prose or verse, would be unanimously accepted as commonplace and unpoetic.

Our store of acknowledged poetry is very precious; but it might be easily doubled, were we suffered to select from our prose writers—from Plato, from Boccaccio, from Pascal, from Rousseau, from Jean Paul, from Novalis, from George Sand, from Charles Dickens, from Nathaniel Hawthorne,—the magnificent nuggets of pure poetic ore in which these writers abound. Read Boccaccio's story of Isabella and the Pot of Basil, or Dickens's description of a sea-storm in "David Copperfield," or Hawthorne's picture of Phœbe Pyncheon's bedchamber (quoted recently by an admirable writer, himself a fine prose poet,\* in this magazine), and confess that, if these things be not poetry, poetry was never written. If you still doubt that the rhythmic form is essential to the highest poetic matter, read that wondrous dream of the World without a Father at the end of Jean Paul's "Siebenkäs," and then peruse Heine's description of the fading away of the Hellenic gods before the thorn-crowned coming of Christ. What these prose fragments lose in neatness of form, they gain in mystery and glamour. After reading them, and many another similar effort, one almost feels that rhymed poetry is a poor, petty, and inferior form of language after all.

Just at this present moment we want a great Poet, if we want anything; and we particularly want a great Poet with the courage to "loosen" the conventional poetic speech. "Off, off, ye lendings!" Away with lutes and fiddles; shut up Pope, Dryden, Gray, Keats, Shelley, and the other professors of music, and try something free and original—say, even a course of Whitman. Among living men, one poet at least is to be applauded for having, inspired by Goethe, "kicked" at the traces of rhyme, and written such poems as "The Strayed Reveller," "Rugby Chapel," and "Heine's Grave." We select a passage from the first-named of these fine poems:—

THE YOUTH (*loquitur*).

The gods are happy;  
They turn on all sides  
Their shining eyes,  
And see, below them,  
The earth and men.

\* Matthew Browne.



They see Terasias  
Sitting, staff in hand,  
On the warm grassy  
Asopus' bank,  
His robe, drawn over  
His old sightless head,  
Revolving only  
The doom of Thebes.

They see the centaurs  
In the upper glens  
Of Pelion, in the streams  
Where red-berried ashes fringe  
The clear brown shallow pools  
With streaming flanks and heads  
Rear'd proudly, snuffing  
The mountain wind.

They see the Indian  
Drifting, knife in hand,  
His frail boat moor'd to  
A floating iale, thick matted  
With large-leaved, low-creeping melon plants  
And the dark cucumber.  
He reaps and stows them,  
Drifting—drifting—round him,  
Round his green harvest-plot,  
Flow the cool lake-waves :  
The mountains ring them.

They see the Scythian  
On the wide steppe, unharnessing  
His wheel'd house at noon,  
He tethers his beast down, and makes his meal,  
Mares' milk and bread  
Baked on the embers ; all around  
The boundless waving grass-plains stretch, thick starred  
With saffron and the yellow hollyhock  
And flag-leaved iris flowers.  
Sitting in his cart  
He makes his meal ; before him, for long miles,  
Alive with bright green lizards  
And springing bustard-fowl,  
The track, a straight black line,  
Furrows the rich soil ; here and there  
Clusters of lonely mounds,  
Topp'd with rough-hewn,  
Grey, rain-beared statues, overspread  
The sunny waste.

They see the ferry  
On the broad clay-laden  
Lone Charasmian stream ; thereupon  
With snort and steam,  
Two horses, strongly swimming, tow

The ferry-boat, with woven ropes  
 To either bow  
 Firm-harness'd by the wain ; a chief,  
 With shout and shaken spear,  
 Stands at the prow, and guides them ; but astern  
 The cowering merchants, in long robes,  
 Sit pale beside their wealth  
 Of silk bales and of balsam-drops,  
 Of gold and ivory,  
 Of turquoise, earth, and amethyst,  
 Jasper and chalcedony,  
 And milk-barr'd onyx stones.  
 The loaded boatswings groaning  
 In the yellow eddies.  
 The gods behold them.

*Matthew Arnold's Poetical Works, vol. ii.*

Equally fine are some of the choric passages in the "Philoctetes" of the Hon. J. Leicester Warren, one of the first of our young poets. Passages such as we have quoted differ little from prose, and would seem equally beautiful if printed as prose. They move to their own music, and need no adventitious aid of the printer. The same may be said of Goethe's "Prometheus" :—

Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,  
 Mit Wolkendunst,  
 Und übe, dem Knaben gleich  
 Der Disteln köpft,  
 An Eichen dich an Bergeshöhn :  
 Musst mir meine Erde  
 Doch lassen stehn,  
 Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,  
 Und meinen Herd,  
 Um dessen Gluth  
 Du mich beneidest, &c.

The strain rolls on in simple grandeur, too massive for rhyme or formal verse. It bears to the "Poe" species of poetry about the same relation that the Venus of Milo does to Gibson's tinted Venus.

Illustrations so crowd upon us as we write, that they threaten to swell this little paper out of all moderate limits. We must conclude ; and what shall be our conclusion ? This. A truly great Poet is not he who wearies us with eternally sweet numbers ; is not Pope, is not Poe, is not even Keats. It is he who is master of all speech, and uses all speech fitly ; able, like Shakspeare, to chop the prosiest of prose with Polonius and the Clowns, as well as to sing the sweetest of songs with Ariel and the outlaws "under the greenwood tree." It is not Hawthorne, because his exquisite speech never once *rose* to pure song ; it is Dickens, because (as could be easily shown, had we space) he was a great master of melody as well as a great workaday humorist. It is not Thackeray, because he never reached that

subtle modulation which comes of imaginative creation ; and it is not Shelley, because he was essentially a singer, and many of the profoundest and delightfulest things absolutely *refuse* to be sung. It is Shakspeare *par excellence*, and it is Goethe *par hasard*. Historically speaking, however, it may be observed that the greatest Poets have not been those men who have used Verse habitually and necessarily ; and if we glance over the names of living men of genius, we shall perhaps not count those most poetic who call their productions openly "poems." Meanwhile, we wait on for the Miracle-worker who never comes,—*the* Poet. We fail as yet to catch the tones of his voice ; but we have no hesitation in deciding that his first proof of ministry will be dissatisfaction with the limitations of Verse as at present written.

WALTER HUTCHESON.

## LITERARY LEGISLATORS.

### —♦— No. VI.—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK stands a better chance of immortality than thousands of more ambitious legislators. In the last debate on the great Kew and Hooker-Ayrton question, Mr. Bernal Osborne said that he had his fears that "the honourable member for Maidstone, being young and soft, had been got at by the Treasury bench." But though Sir John Lubbock is not old, and in these days of vigorous perdurable old fellows may be called young, he is certainly not soft—neither in the modern sense of silly, nor in that in which Adam and Eve in the miracle-play plead that their wit being so "nesh" or "naish," it was "hard hap" to be exposed to the apple test. Good-natured he, of course, is; but he can hold his own and put in his left with decision, as he has shown in the House of Commons, and in, for example, his replies to the Duke of Argyll's "Primeval Man." But besides that, and much more, he has done, in the matter of the Bank holidays—which in time will be called the Lubbock holidays—he has done for himself a deed which provokes the question of policeman X in "Jacob Homnium's Hoss"—

"Wasn' that a artful dodge?"

Sir John is an archæologist, and his researches into the past history of the race have suggested to him that general holidays are long-lived institutions. No traces of such things have as yet been discovered in the palæolithic age, or even later in the prehistoric times; nor would the owner of that Neanderthal skull, about which Sir John makes such loosely affiliated remarks, be pleasant company for Marshall & Snellgrove's men in his park; but nobody can deny that holidays *are* long-lived things. The man who connects one with his name may live at least as long as Bel, and as we have not yet got to the beginning of Bel, nobody can tell how many millions of ages that may mean.

Young legislators are apt to fly their hawks at the most difficult of legislative games, and then they fail to inscribe their names on the statute book; but Sir John Lubbock, by the simple device of getting Parliament to make new holidays, has inscribed *his* name on the minds of the people, and on the statute book also. He will probably be remembered with honour, even at a time when a skull as good as his own shall seem to the future man as low in type as the Neanderthal, and some future critic as acute as Sir John himself shall think it worth while to say "there is not the slightest reason for presuming this to have been the skull of an idiot." ("Prehistoric Times," p. 332.)

Sir John Lubbock would be the last man to flinch from looking

forward to such a time, for he lays it down in page 492 of the same book, that "the unselfish mind will find its *highest gratification*" in looking forward to a day when our descendants will have indefinitely improved upon the type we represent. The phrase "*highest gratification*" is not applied with the author's usual caution. It has been said that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to feel much remorse for having killed a man in China by a ricochet of a bullet fired here; and we all know that the auditor who remained unmoved under a sermon which had set all the rest of the listeners crying, thought it a sufficient apology for his reticence that he was "not of the same parish." There are many ways of looking at such matters:—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death."

A man must obviously make up his mind that life is of some value to himself before he can find his "highest," or even a high, gratification in contemplating the extension of the gift of life to others. Sir John Lubbock is struck, as well he might be, with the intensity and frequent recurrence under diverse forms of the belief among savages in a future life. I am taking in our survey as wide a sweep of observation as Sir John himself could wish, omitting neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor Scythian; and putting the facts everywhere at their lowest, the facts persistently suggest that the tendency of human nature is to go outside of itself and the definitely known to find the value or significance of the present life. Your savage, or your Semitic half-savage, may be a bad logician, but the element which must logically expand itself into a living God and an endless life is there; and it is in that element, that unutterable cypher of infinity, and not in the prospect of an indefinitely extended succession of poor units that human nature finds its "*highest gratification*." When a man has got to such a pass as to be forced to say, "I would rather not have been born, if this life is all," can he possibly care about wretched units like himself, to be born ten thousand years hence, in so "advanced" a condition as to look upon him as a savage? If I could only convey to others the intensity with which the absurdity of caring for "Humanity" on even the highest of agnostic principles strikes me, I believe I should do the world a far greater service than it will ever actually be my lot to perform. Few men can have had keener or more varied pleasures in life as it is, and none can be bound to it by stronger personal ties; and yet the statement that a man can find his "*highest gratification*" in looking forward to the indefinite progress of miserable worms like himself, reads to me like an atrocious mockery. I say nothing here of the chance that the

Great Being may, as Comte puts it, be some day "compromised" altogether by some unforeseen "cosmic" action—in which event there would be a pretty conclusion to the idiot's story, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing—I look simply to the utter paltriness of the climax, supposing it reached. And if the contemplation of such a climax were the "highest gratification" open to me, I would instantly devote myself to preaching up the discontinuation of the race. The greatest service I could render to Humanity would in that case be to cut short its bead-roll if only by half a dozen items.

The reader must not suppose, from the warmth with which I have expressed myself in this matter, that Sir John Lubbock has anywhere stated his conviction that there is no future life for the individual man, or no Divine Arbiter of the conditions of such a life. That he has such a conviction would be a fair inference from the language I have quoted, but a writer must not be held strictly to a casual phrase. Sir John Lubbock everywhere expresses himself cautiously and respectfully upon religious questions; and he may almost be said to *rebuke* the Duke of Argyll for saying, or seeming to say, that collective man may forfeit his religion. In fact, the readers of Sir John Lubbock cannot affirm that his books afford them any knowledge whatever of his religious belief. All we can certainly say is that opinions such as his upon human progress and the foundations of ethics are usually found affiliated—in my opinion they by necessity of reason affiliate themselves—to some form of agnosticism. Sir John Lubbock's assumed *terminus a quo*, so far as the natural history of man is concerned, is utter barbarism. His *terminus ad quem* is a Utopia of civilisation; and I cannot see any way of associating Theism with these conditions.

But in this respect Sir John is simply a typical man, and one can only wish that all religious dogmatists were as candid, as fair to opponents, and as careful not to overdraw the bowstring as he is. That he is a typical man in the particulars I have instanced is certain, and he is so in others. A gentleman—a man of business—a man of science—a politician—a firm believer in the leading nineteenth century ideas—with strong convictions as to the duties of "the State"—and remarkably moderate and sane (to use Mr. Matthew Arnold's phrase) through it all; it would be difficult to single out a member of parliament more clearly representative of the "most approved" tendencies of the hour than this cultivated and energetic Englishman. Unfortunately, my sympathy with those "approved" tendencies is too imperfect to admit of my doing him much more than negative justice. And some of the qualities of his writing are of the kind that do not attract me. I can heartily admire their clearness, their candour, their shrewdness, the command over detail which they exhibit, their occasional humour, their freedom from bitterness, and their evident good feeling, but I feel keenly the

want of colour, warmth, height, and ornament. Not a single sentence dwells on my mind by its own mere weight or beauty, and not a single eloquent touch can I recall. Now and then there is a hint of pathos, but it is exceedingly businesslike, and you are not allowed to dwell upon it. Of all this, taken by itself, no reasonable person could complain. Sir John is a man of science and a thinker, and we do not look for heat and colour where dry light is most wanted. But I am bound to note the facts *as indications*. The way in which he abstains from passing moral judgments is admirable, and his reasons are well assigned; but one is somewhat startled to find how little emotion he displays in going over his long story of misery and degradation. He stands fully excused by his own faith in the "cheering prospects" of our race, founded on "strictly scientific considerations," ("Origin of Civilisation," p. 323), but I am almost tempted to say that really a fellow *ought* to be a man of business, a rich baronet, a member of Parliament, and a man of science, to take all this so coolly, and to talk about "cheering prospects" at the end.

It has been said that "Don Quixote" is the most melancholy book that ever was written. It must, however, give way to Sir John Lubbock's two volumes; and yet they do not record a single fact which can be said to alter that estimate of savage man which one's fancy forms for itself before one has read travellers' tales. One thing that strikes me very forcibly on turning over these weary pages is the perpetual difficulty we are placed in by the want of psychological capacity in travellers. How is this to be got over? You cannot expect a man to have the qualities of a philosopher along with those of a roaming adventurer, and yet the outcome of a want of psychological skill in an observer in such matters is simply—that you cannot trust his observations. Nor does the matter seem to me to be much mended by collating and comparing the travellers' tales as Sir John and others have done. Your first inclination on dipping into such books is to burst out crying, or dash your head against a wall; but, when you have a little recovered yourself, you say, "This is all my eye—what *does* it remind me of?" and, in a minute or two, the analogy comes—it is all just like the sham anecdotes of remarkable men that you read in your *Punch*:—

"Burke had such a horror of parsnips that if they came on table he instantly took refuge in a neighbouring mews. Jeremy Bentham invariably fainted at the sight of a veterinary surgeon in evening costume. Archbishop Tillotson asked every stranger to whom he was introduced whether he had any relations in the Excise; if the answer was in the affirmative, the Prelate gazed at his chaplain, and instantly went out fishing."

And you exclaim with Hamlet, "I'll have grounds more relative than this." At least I do. The persons who can report a fact properly are as few as those who can interpret one properly. And the instances in which I have with success ventured to correct the most positive

statements of fact by "competent" authorities, founding myself entirely on the *à priori* probabilities of the case, have been very much more numerous than those in which I have been able to put any meaning, however casually, into the stupid canon, "Only a fact can prove a fact."

As for the "cheering prospect" of indefinite improvement in the human race by means of "civilisation" I can say little, because, unless there were room for very much more, I should fear being taken to doubt every view of human progress; whereas, it is our knowledge of the methods that I doubt; nay, I utterly deny it, and agree with the Duke of Argyll that man may degrade in mass as well as in the exceptional cases which are all that Sir John will hear of. I agree with Mr. Wallace that "among civilised nations at the present day . . . . it is indisputably the mediocre, if not the low, both as regards morality and intelligence, who succeed the best in life and multiply the fastest." And I also agree with Mr. Francis Galton, that "our race is" (in modern civilisation) "over-weighted, and appears likely to be drugged into degeneracy by demands that exceed its powers."

The claims made in behalf of "Science," in respect to human progress, by men like Sir John Lubbock—and he is a representative man in this respect also—appear to some of us so grotesquely wide of the mark that we can scarcely venture to characterise them. Professor Huxley has said somewhere—I fancy it occurs, for one place, in some question of his at the Scientific Commission presided over by the Duke of Devonshire—that there is a sort of feud, founded on prejudice, between the literary and the scientific classes. Personally, I belong to no "class;" I have the interest of an amateur in all the sciences, and some of my own special studies, such as Psychology and Language, lead straight into Biology and Anthropology, for instance. But it may well vex the least prejudiced to see how fast things seem tending to the point long ago predicted in terms by the present pen,—the formation of an arrogant scientific caste, whose pretension it shall be to take up the whole of life into their sublime fingers and manipulate it as they please. Sir John Lubbock is too sane a man, too full of humour, and, I believe, too kind-hearted and too sound an Englishman, not to flinch, when it comes to a push, from many of the practical issues of his own beliefs. But he has sufficiently disclosed that he has strong ideas of the rights of "Science," as a regulative instrumentality in the hands of the State. He was with Dr. Lyon Playfair and others in demanding, in the census papers, certain returns that start a line which, pushed as far as it will go, would place the whole population under State medical inspection. The reader will not misunderstand me. I do not say that Sir John Lubbock would have any such aim, I only say that is the final outcome of all such dab-



bling. But I have not the least doubt that there are men of science, and plenty of them, who have such an aim, and who are deliberately, ingeniously, and I will add basely and sneakily feeling their way to it. There is no stopping on this line till you come to the regulation of Marriages by a Sanitary Board, and the introduction at every birth of State Inspectors, with spirometers, dynamometers, and the like, to decide whether the infant shall live, or shall be suppressed in the interest of the community. This would be very charming. Had it been the practice in the past, we should have had neither Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Goethe, nor Sir Isaac Newton. The last might have been put into a quart pot when he was born; Voltaire was so small that it was months before he was christened, and the baptismal register was falsified in order to evade the law: neither Goethe nor Victor Hugo was expected to live. True, Dr. Bridges, the distinguished Comtist, assured us in the *Fortnightly Review*—having referred to the pagan practice in these matters—that that practice would never be revived in civilised societies because man could not “go back from his acquired instincts of tenderness and compassion” (these were nearly the exact words); but strange to say, I did not find this assurance of Dr. Bridges’ assuring. I constantly see “humanity,” in single cases and in groups, “going back” on such an awful scale that I see no presumption whatever against civilisation coming, politely and legally, to the pass which Sir John, who evidently loves the young, has denounced as having been so dreadful in Tahiti. Well, it certainly is dreadful to think of: so let us keep a jealous eye upon any action of “the State,” at the dictate of “Science,” which ever so remotely looks in any such direction. The thin edge of the wedge has already been introduced in the most sickening legislation that ever entered the head even of a man of science; and there is plenty more of the same sort in the background. This will, from time to time, peep over the fence and demand a footing in the name of “Science.” On every ground, indeed, I would sacrifice much if I could hope to arouse my countrymen and countrywomen to the great danger they run from the rapid growth of the tyrannous pretensions of banded experts claiming for Science as a regulative power more than ever “the Church” claimed in the dark ages.

Sir John Lubbock’s incidental discussion of the origin of the moral ideas appears to me to deserve considerable attention—but to say what occurs to me upon his suggestion as to the relation of Authority and Utility in primeval ethics would make this page too heavy, and I can take another opportunity. But I may say here that I cannot for the life of me understand why so many writers on ethical problems should encumber the inquiry into the first postulates of morals, which must of necessity be few and bare, with inquiries about the natural history of all the varied moral *dicta* which have obtained the assent of

Conscience at different times among different people. A few of the readers of this paper will be aware what my own view is—viz., that there is one and one only absolute and invariable moral postulate, and that whatever duty is not covered by this is of varying obligation.

Before closing I must quote from Sir John Lubbock's replies to the Duke of Argyll the following passage:—

"The only other case which he quotes is that of the highland Esquimaux, who had no weapons nor any idea of war. The Duke's comment is as follows: 'No wonder, poor people! They had been driven into regions where no stronger race could desire to follow them. But that the fathers had once known what war and violence meant, there is no more conclusive proof than the dwelling-place of their children.' It is perhaps natural that the head of a great Highland Clan should regard with pity a people who, having 'once known what war and violence meant,' have no longer any neighbours to pillage or to fight; but a Lowlander can hardly be expected seriously to regard such a change as one calculated to excite pity, or as any evidence of degradation."

Unless Sir John is giving us here a joke *within* a joke, he is unjust to the Duke—who is certainly not a humourist himself, but whose "poor people" here is, of course, not intended seriously. And can Sir John mean to deny that the absence of weapons of war or knowledge of war as an art *might* be presumptive proof of "degradation?"

HENRY HOLBEACH.

P.S.—This is the proper place in which to make a postscript to the paper on the Duke of Argyll, which contained the following foot-note:—

"In Mr. MacDonald's Discourses on the Miracles, and in a Christmas-day sermon by a Roman Catholic prelate, I saw it stated that it is a *law* that a dropped stone will fall to the earth; but that if a hand interposed to catch the stone prevents its reaching the earth, 'a higher law' has intervened to control the first. If this is what the Duke means, I should like to hear what some great physicist has to say upon the subject. Certainly, 'I have not so learned' the law of gravitation."

Of course I knew that scientific authority could only have one thing to say on such a subject; but if any specific deliverance had been seriously required, it would have been supplied by the following sentences of Mr. Herbert Spencer's in the *Contemporary Review* for May last:—

"Mr. Kingsley enunciates a quite exceptional view of gravitation. As conceived by astronomers and physicists, gravitation is a universal and ever-acting force, which portions of matter exercise on one another when at sensible distances; and the *law* of this force is that it varies directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance. Mr. Kingsley's view is that the law of gravitation is 'defeated' if a stone is prevented from falling to the ground—that the law 'struggles' (not the force), and that because it no longer produces motion, the 'inevitable action of the laws of gravity' (not of gravity) is suspended: the truth being that neither the force nor its law is in the slightest degree modified. Further, the theory of natural processes which Mr. Kingsley has arrived at, seems to be that when two or more forces (or laws, if he prefers it) come into play, there is a partial or complete suspension of one by another. Whereas the doctrine held by men of science is, that the forces are all in full operation, and the effect is their resultant."

## TU QUOQUE.

AN IDYLL IN THE CONSERVATORY.

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"—romprons-nous,  
*Ou ne romprons-nous pas ?*"—  
LE DÉPIT AMOUREUX.

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,  
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,  
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,  
If I were you !

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected,  
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,  
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,  
If I were you !

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,  
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,  
I would not dance with odious Miss McTavish,  
If I were you !

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer  
Whiff of the best—the mildest "honey-dew,"  
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,  
If I were you !

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,  
Even to write the "Superfine Review,—"

## TU QUOQUE.

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,  
If I were you !

NELLIE.

Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're quite delicious,—  
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue ;  
Borrow my fan. I would not be suspicious,  
If I were you !

FRANK.

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is  
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu !  
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,  
If I were you !

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted,—

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue,—

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted ?—

FRANK.

I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,  
If I were you !

[Waltz. *Eccent.*

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## RAMBLES IN SUSSEX.

### I.

I LIKE to go to church without going *into* church. A patch of white clover in West Tarring churchyard is my pew-cushion this golden Sunday morning. The luscious scent of a field of red clover comes in wafts upon the lazily wandering breeze. Birds are chirping. Parish notices rustle on a board within the porch, and the board taps like a drowsy woodpecker upon the wall. Psalm and prayer, priest's solo and people's rustic responses, the peal of the organ and the heavy uprising and downsitteing of the ponderously-booted worshippers, find their way, pleasantly softened, from the cool shady inside of the church to the sunny air without.

"Coom on," shouts an old man in a white smock frock to some cows that are very leisurely plodding in straggling file to the grey farm buildings just outside the churchyard—once appurtenances of the Archbishop of Canterbury's manor-house, when Archbishops of Canterbury came down to this quiet place to rest or hide. Other farming-men in shirt-sleeves are basking on corn-ricks. A lass and two swains have shirked church and are flirting in the green tree-shaded paddock that adjoins the churchyard, gravely watched, as if in reproach, by a gingerbread-and-white cow. A brown hen is clucking complacently as she follows her speckled brood of cheeping chicks dodging in and out between the graves. A woman in black comes out of the church and makes her way to a tombstone, the inscription on which she reads—stopping now and then to spell. Then the parish-clerk, in black broadcloth and white choker, comes out to get a breath of outside air. When he sees a profane watering-placer in tweed suit, straw hat, and canvas shoes, instead of decorous "Sunday best," lying on the grass taking notes, the old man's cheerful face turns to stone. He fixes me with his eye as if he meant to mesmerise me, stares at me for five minutes without a word, and then stalks into the church again. I have an uneasy feeling that he is going to tell the vicar or the churchwardens of me, and I shift my place from the porch to the other side of the church, passing on my way a stoneless grave completely covered with plucked, withered, wild convolvuluses and red poppies. I cannot hear the vicar now, but I have a book of his in my pocket—"Parochial Fragments," by John Wood Warter, B.D.—discursive, erudite, orthodox, Southey-worshipping, as might be expected from the son-in-law of Southey—benevolent and urbane, too, save for now and then an outpouring of a little vial of not very vitriolic wrath on the heads of the enemies of the Church—"immarcessible as amaranth," in Mr. Warter's eyes and phrase. In this rural

parish the "Doctor" was edited. A memorial window of Southey was placed in the tower of the church by his daughter, Mrs. Warter, now herself deceased. It is a fine old tower of flint and stone, with a spire of wooden shingles, grey and glistening like granite, rising pleasantly, though a little awry, above rich foliage. The weather-cock at the top is a cock—a gilt one, flashing in the sunlight, and straining as if he wanted to perch on the point of the rusty lightning-conductor at his side. The tower and chancel were built in the time of Edward IV. The nave and aisles are still older. The first Edward was king when they stood fresh from the builder's hands. I am going to be as learnedly ecclesiastico-antiquarian as I please. Haven't I given 4s. 6d. for Mr Warter's half-guinea book, and pray mayn't I crib from it? The church is dedicated to St. Andrew, and has stalls and carved *misereres*. If you don't know what a *miserere* is, listen to this from Du Cange. (I never saw the book in my life, but then, you see, I am going to take my full four-and-sixpenn'orth out of Mr. Warter's book.) "*Misericordie, Sellule, erectis formarum subselliis appositæ, quibus stantibus senibus vel infirmis per misericordiam insidere conceditur, dum alii stant. Nostris misericordes vel Patientes.*" The church is called a Twelve-Apostle-arch church—five on each side, one for the tower, and another for the chancel. A good many of the tombstones are orange-brown and hoary with age and lichens—their inscriptions quite blotted out, or scaled away; amongst them this, which used to be read on a stone hard by the Lych-gate:—

"Here lieth the Bodie of John Parson : the only Sonne of William Parson of Salvington : who was buried the fowerth Day of March, 1633.

"Younge was his age :  
 Virginitie his state :  
 Learning his love :  
 Consumption his fate."

West Tarring, one of the many Ings or pastures the Saxons colonized, was once, comparatively, an important place. A letter for Worthing, for instance, would have borne the supplementary address, "near West Tarring;" and now Worthing, within living memory a sparsely peopled fishing and smuggling hamlet, is a thronged watering-place, whilst West Tarring is about the most slumberous little village to be found within the four seas.

If its street were only straight a cannon-ball might be fired down it many a time throughout the day without the slightest injury to human life. On its busiest working-day it is still so quiet that little children from London speak in a whisper as they glance at its old beam-and-plaster and shore-pebble cottages, and say, "It seems like Sunday."

Athelstan gave the manor of Tarring to the Church of Christ in Canterbury; and in Domesday Book the Archbishop of that ilk is entered as its owner. At that time it had two churches, but one has vanished, even utterly from the memory of local tradition.

If we cross the road we shall see an old ecclesiastical looking building roofed with brown and grey Horsham stone—both roof and walls dotted with nipplewort—the old Rectory House, or Thomas à Becket's Palace, as it is called. Here, according to tradition, Thomas à Becket lived, and kept wild beasts, and planted fig-trees. In the glossy-leaved shady avenues of the fig gardens adjoining, their successors flourish. In Lancing, too, and indeed the whole of this mild part of West Sussex, in which the fuchsia runs up into a tree and forms a bushy hedge in almost every garden, however humble, fig-trees are common. Brown Turkey, black Ischian, the Marseilles or Madagascar, the large green, and the smooth green, are the chief kinds in cultivation. When the fruit is ripe the Italian fig-eater comes over and levies tithe upon it. Near the Rectory Croft there used to stand—perhaps still stands, but if so, it must have been modernised—the Archbishop's *Brasinium*, *Brasin-huse*, *Brazen-nose*, or Brew-house. Beer six hundred years ago used to be valued in Tarring at 1*d.* the four gallons, a carcase of beef at 1*s.* 4*d.*, of mutton 4*d.*, a hog 8*d.*, a hen a halfpenny, a goose ditto, a hundred eggs 1*d.*, a quarter of wheat 1*s.* 6*d.*, of oats 8*d.* Henry VI. granted a charter for holding a market at Tarring for this reason, that, whilst Tarring buyers and sellers were at Broadwater market—only a mile off—"they that were abyding and beleyving in the said towne stille in the mene while by the said enemys, the Kynges enemys of Ffrance, Breteyne, Spayne, and other partys, had dyvers times been taken prisoners and byn slayn as well the men as the women, childer, maidenens, wives, and doters therin beying and beleyving."

Before leaving West Tarring I will quote Mr. Warter's description of a predecessor of the old gentleman who looked me so severely and silently in the face outside the porch:—

"He is one of a race almost extinct—an honest man with infirmities—old James Long, the parish clerk. Seventy and five years, man and boy, he has heard these church bells call to prayer; forty and five years he has officiated as clerk and sexton. When his turn to depart comes, I question if his place will be better filled. Obstinate at times as a quadruped I need not name, he is shrewd and intelligent, plain-spoken and trustworthy. A chronicler of bygone days, he is familiar with every one's history, and his local knowledge is extensive. He takes heed to no changes, and is one of the most independent of the creation; respectful withal, and devotedly attached to his successive masters, as he familiarly calls the clergy. He is a keen observer, and has great knowledge of character. Otherwhiles,—to use a Sussex phrase,—his occupation is that of a gardener, and he has kept a diary for forty years and more. The first thing he does, when his day's work is over, is to jot down his casual observations, more particularly as regards the weather. Some time ago he was offered a considerable sum of money for this document, but he declined to take it; and he was right. It is his *familiar*! . . . .

To him, perhaps, I may have done a good turn in my ministerial capacity. . . . Perhaps the old man cannot say—

‘In my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,’

but, nevertheless, ‘his age is as a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly.’ ”

And now on a Monday morning as golden as the day before, with a balmy west wind blowing, across the great field hard by West Tarring church. A brown-faced farmer is jogging over it on horseback, speaking cheerily to the old men who are turning over the almost black heaps of cut peas with ash sticks. His white setter, putting up his tail like a palm branch, gallops hither and thither snuffing. Golden corn, uncut and in stooks and stacks, succeeds to the peas, and to that red clover. Over a stile made of a cart-axle into oats and a potatoe-field planted with young trees. More corn falling before the sickle, with huge dandelions waving here and there, and out into a lane where lilac scabious, corn-cockle, mallow, thyme, thistles with white butterflies on them, hemlock and white and pink yarrow, and white and pink convolvuluses and pink and purple heather grow profusely on both hedgebanks, with honeysuckle and wild clematis drooping over them. A white pony stands at a smithy door. A new-fangled agricultural implement is waiting outside to be mended, but the forge roars, and the hammers clink, and the waiting rustics gossip with the blacksmiths as they have done for hundreds of years—most probably on the self-same spot. The church and the smithy seem to me the historic centres of country life—linking on generation to generation—more than any other buildings preserving the identity of the village or hamlet. But Durrington has no church now. Ruined ivy-plumed side-walls, in a grassy enclosure, in which blue-eyed, brown-skinned, white-haired toddlers are playing, are all that remains of its old chapel. There are no graves, named or nameless, in the green old chapel-yard. The dead of Durrington are buried in West Tarring churchyard, but according to tradition they used to be carried across the Downs to Steyning. On again past flower-full hedges, hedgebanks and ditches, over which black-spotted brown butterflies, and tiny blue butterflies, and now and then a Red Admiral are fluttering, into the richly wooded Arundel road. Swallows are zigzagging overhead, the stonechat is making its stonechatter in the gorse,—there goes a blackbird—yonder spreads and then falls into closer order a flock of fieldfares—partridges rise plump and brown from the ripe corn. A glass of Sussex ale at a roadside house, in which, although noon is still two hours off, some unseen politician in a drowsy but still beerily-dogmatic tone is discussing the probable supply of corn for the coming year. “Don’t you believe it,” he says to his unseen companion, who only answers with admiring grunts. “Don’t you believe it, mas’r. Tain’t the drain that does it. I tell ye that at this present time there’s enough laid up in the isle o



Malter to last Great Britain seven 'ear—Great Britain and all her terri—tories."

Under the park-trees that overhang the road grow great yellow funguses big enough to serve as music-stools for the Miss Tom-thumbs. Blackberries in big bunches are fast reddening in the hedges. Ivy runs over the grey walls in mantle-like patches. Ivy-clad tree-trunks stand ankle-deep in fern. "To Clapham and Patching" says the finger-post that points up a lane bordered on each side with a grassy terrace planted with firs, in whose tops the wind is sighing like the sea. Cottages of brick with iron casements—not much bigger than dolls'-houses—thatched cottages of plaster, pargeted plaster, and brick and beams, slate-roofed cottages of brick and shore-pebbles turn up here and there. The sulphur and claret-coloured hollyhocks almost overtop some of them. The thatch-eaves of the backs of others slope down into onion beds, and are buried in currant and gooseberry bushes. Fruit may be a failure elsewhere, but here rosy-cheeked apples hang in cottage gardens, and green pears are turning golden on cottage-walls. Just outside the door of every cottage is a well. Sheep bells are tinkling, lazy cocks crowing as if they were yawning; geese are gabbling in home-closes, and ducks are dabbling in olive-brown ponds as thick as duck-gravy. Where the road forks I take the wrong turning, and trudge into the pretty little village of Clapham, from which a glimpse of Chichester Cathedral can be got. "Am I right for Patching?" I ask of an upright, ruddy old shepherd who comes over a gate with an orthodox crook in his hand, and followed by a sheep-dog that looks like a bundle of tarry oakum. *Subridet*, as he toucheth his hat and answers, "No, sir, you be gooin' right away from Patchin'. There be the church on the brow yonder." That anyone cannot find his way to Patching, with the church before his very eyes, is a rich joke to the old shepherd. It is *the* event of his not very eventful day, and no doubt will be the leading topic in his conversation for half a week. There is nothing particularly picturesque in Patching Church, except its position. Islanded in the quietness of its green graveyard it stands just on the edge-slope of the treeless, breezy downs.

Through woods in which truffles and orchises grow, and again through flowery lanes, with butterflies and golden-banded humble-bees embossed on teazle-heads, to Angmering. What a thoroughly old Saxon sound the name has! At the entrance to the village a young donkey is rolling under a great walnut tree. An aged bitch is sunning herself at the door of the old inn. As soon as the newcomer orders lunch, the dog follows him to his seat. In vain the pretty barmaid calls "Fan, Fan!" Fan has made up her mind not to budge whilst bread-and-cheese is going.

Such a funny old luncheon-room! The boards clean scrubbed, but greyish-brown with age, and on to them is nailed a broken-backed bagatelle-board, one flap of which is covered with chapped oil-cloth

and the other with "green" baize, as mangy and dusty as a Hackney Road grass-plat. A fly drives up, and the inn is thrown into a great state of excitement.

"There's a carriage—you go."—"I can't leave the bar—you go."—"No, I a'n't fit;" such are the whispered scraps of talk bandied about from inn-maiden to inn-maiden.

The "carriage company's" custom turns out to be rather disappointing. The gentleman of the close-packed cargo descends, and after having made numerous inquiries as to what the hotel contains, orders, for himself and party of six ladies, half a pint of stout!

Through more pleasant undulating country, with the harvesters at work on both sides of the road, or carrying little kegs of ale from Foxes-under-the-Hill and suchlike publics. A wheelwright's door, smeared with patches of blistered red, black, and blue paint, creaks in the gentle breeze. Wheel-less carts rest flounderingly on the hawthorn-hedged, chip-and-shaving-littered grass plat in front. Berry-brown youngsters peeping between the bushes in cottage gardens, menace one another with the passing stranger, calling him "pelisse-man" and "black Bogie." When he *has* passed, they become contemptuously courageous, and shout "Boo-boo-boo" after him in defiance. A bewildered old woman comes up to him, with a fatuous smile, and asks the way to Bognor or Littlehampton—no, she means that she's come from Bognor—or was it Hampton?—and she's been told to go to a place nine or ten miles along the shore. Is there such a place as World's End—or Worsing—or what was it?

Giving the old woman as definite directions to Worthing as her faculties permit her to receive, I strike off through a wood for the shore. Little wild rabbits start up at my very toes. The rough lane grows steeper, and brings me on to the top of Highdown Hill. It is covered with blue-bells. On its slope, in a clump of trees, an old miller lies buried in what were his own grounds. Behind, the cloud-shadows chase one another over the green, white, and yellow downs, crowned with the dark diadem of Chanctonbury Ring. On the blue sea the cloud-shadows rest and move like floating filmy Deloses. On the east, Brighton can plainly be seen, and the wall of white cliffs that ends in Beachy Head. On the west the Isle of Wight is a lavender cloud. From the rich foliage between the Downs and sea rise the tower of Broadwater church, West Tarring and Goring spires, and the little weatherboard turret of old-fashioned, picturesque, flower-smothered West Ferring.

And so back to Worthing, past the black canvas-sailed mill, grinding slowly in the midst of cut and uncut corn in the great Heene field, and the green-tufted grey ruins of Heene chapel, in whose green graveyard moulder the bones of forgotten dead. Its font has become a garden ornament; the last heard of its bell was that it had become a dinner bell; and the very name of Heene will soon be swallowed up in that of West Worthing.

CHARLES CAMDEN.

## EDITORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE editor's letter-box is not often opened *bonâ fide* to the general public. There are many wrong impressions current about it. One is that the amatory correspondence of which so much is made in print in different magazines is manufactured. Some of it is, but not for want of a good supply of the real article. I have seen letters by the score from lads and lasses asking the most innocently amusing questions about sweethearts, and weddings, and "all that." "How soon after we first knew each other should I allow a gentleman to kiss me?"—"Is it proper to sit on a gentleman's knee after he has been paying his addresses about three months?"—"A gentleman whom I have only seen twice altogether took me to Rosherville, and while there kissed me several times *by force*, though very polite in his manners. Do you think I ought to inform my aunt, with whom I am residing, having lost my mother?"—I have seen questions like these by the dozen in the editor's box. But I am now going to quote letters of a very different and, indeed, of a very miscellaneous character, which have at one time or another come into my hands.

First, I will give the very roughest specimen that ever came under my notice,—italics and all, just as it came.

"To the Editor of \* \* \* \* Sir, It is a great pity you could not find anything but an *abortion* to review my book. Look at the \* \* \* \* paper of Sunday and you will see a *favourable* review *worthy* of my book. Out of more than a hundred notices, only five or six attacked the work, and *they* show'd they did not know the subject they were writing about. But your *dirty soul'd rascal* went further, for he descended to *gross abuse*, and *personally insulted* me. What a farce it is your pretending to edit a *newspaper* when you lend your columns to *base, malicious, unprincipled scribblers*. If you have a spark of *manliness* about you, you'll bring me face to face with the DOG who has *personally insulted* me. Yours, &c. &c."

And here I might even add the fellow's name, without committing any breach of decorum; for he was soon afterwards sent to prison for obtaining money under false pretences through the medium of this very work of his. The review referred to in the letter contained nothing "personal;" but it was a direct exposure of the character of the work. It was about the most stupid and impudent book I ever saw.

Side by side with this abusive letter, I will place one of a much

pleasanter kind. There is a *bonhomie* about it which provokes a smile as innocent as itself:—

"To the Editor of \* \* \* \* My Dear Sir, For some time past I have missed with much regret the lucubrations of \* \* \* \* which used so often to grace your columns. I have been a regular subscriber to your journal for a great many years, and I beg to express a hope that this omission is not due to ill health on the part of \* \* \* \*. If so I hope he will shortly be restored, so that he may again wield his powerful and interesting pen for the delight and instruction of mankind, as on former occasions. I am, My dear Sir, Yours very faithfully." Then followed name and address, all correct.

The poor bashful contributor begged the editor to ask this friendly correspondent to "draw it mild" next time. It is not often that editors get letters so kindly, though sometimes they do. A word of real appreciation from a competent person is, of course, very cheering.

In the letters of the incompetent critics, one may observe that an article is almost always a "lucubration;" a poem an "effusion."

The number of correspondents who are down upon you for the most trifling mistake is wonderful. Serious errors in the very same article will pass unnoticed, while thirty correspondents will join in a war-dance of triumph over a blunder of the size of a pin's head. The blunder will have no organic relation whatever to the main topic, and will furnish no index whatever of either the care or the capacity of the author; but your correspondents will as freely belabour him with abuse and ridicule as if he was a convicted duffer. A friend of mine once (in an article) made fifty sixpences come to two pounds ten shillings. The error was, of course, purely mechanical; he at first took the price of the thing spoken of to be a shilling, found out his error, altered the price in the MS., and forgot to alter his total. Oddly enough, too, his revised proof, in which the error was wholly corrected, got mislaid; so that the mistake appeared in print. Then began a war-dance of triumphant discoverers. One or two wrote sensible, jocular letters; but the majority poured forth taunts and sarcasms of a kind such as might perhaps be deserved by a proved "welcher" or pickpocket. One filled four sides of paper with the most elaborate ridicule; and another sent the contributor a copy of Wightman's Arithmetical Tables, price one penny.

Now an incident like this is more significant than at first sight may appear. It shows how *very* stupid some people can be, and how glad they are of an opportunity of putting others in the wrong. The error was not of the least consequence; it was obviously mechanical; and it stood side by side with other errors of a really serious kind which arose in the printing—(the author's "revise" was, as has been stated, not made use of)—but neither of the substantial mistakes attracted the notice of these triumphant "braves"—not one.

It may be remarked for the benefit of small fault-finders in general, that when human care has done its best it may be taken for granted that every newspaper, book, and magazine contains a certain percentage of error. The thing that usually excites my wonder is the skill and accuracy of the printers' share of the work.

Some of the grammatical and other criticisms which editors and contributors receive are of an almost incredibly stupid kind. Their arrogance too is very striking. Because the man has paid a penny or sixpence or what-not for his periodical, he seems to think himself entitled to sit in judgment upon the whole of it, as if he were the only human being to be catered for, and were an absolutely omniscient scholar. I have been—"correspondentially"—hunted out of literature as an ignorant incapable, because I had used the phrase *and which*—with perfect propriety. The critic had seen the use of the relative in this form condemned in certain cases, and had carried off the idea that it was never right. "If this should meet his eye," I will give him a lesson gratis. In the following sentence the words *and which* are correctly used:—"This lake, which is situated &c., &c., and which contains brackish water, is," &c., &c. In the following they are wrong:—"This plant, being a flowering shrub, and which bears a red berry," &c., &c.—There!

Some time ago, a friend of mine began in a periodical of large circulation some letters which were to be taken as part of the courtship of a working man and a housemaid. In these it was of course necessary to put some touches of bad grammar; but my friend took great care to make these appear to "come natural." He was only too successful. The editor received—from an educated correspondent, dating from far westward—a letter, informing him that such "ungrammatical stuff" was a disgrace to the magazine.

This, like other things of the same kind, is a trifle of no particular significance. But another verdict must be passed upon the number of letters sent, which attribute bad, even base, motives to editors and contributors. The *Spectator* lately said, quite truly, that if editors were to print some of the letters they were receiving week by week, they would have to meet an action for libel for every number printed—at least, the statement was something like that, and, at all events, such a statement would be no exaggeration. Let us take an instance or two of correspondential virulence.

A friend of mine cut, in print, a very harmless joke about Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The editor immediately got a letter, four sides long, accusing him, in so many words, of receiving bribes from the publicans to write down Sir Wilfrid. The remainder of this precious letter—which is now at my left hand—was occupied in stirring up the poor editor's mind on the subject of everlasting damnation.

Again, a friend of mine once put a few sentences in print about vaccination, expressing no opinion one way or the other, but the

editor immediately got an abusive letter charging him with taking bribes from "the doctors to write up their beastly practices"; this letter also contained libellous statements about third parties.

And here I will stop, for I see my way to a moral. Before you criticise what a man has written be sure you read it. If you will just condescend to learn this simple lesson, you will find yourself repaid for the abruptness with which I now sign myself

A DISGUSTED JOURNALIST.

## THE BALLAD OF THE WAYFARER.

(OLD STYLE.)

O'ER the cheerless common,  
Where the bleak winds blow,  
Wanders the wan Woman ;  
Waysore and weary,  
Through the dark and dreary  
Drift-bed of the Snow.

In her pale, pinch'd features snowing 'tis and sleeting ;  
By her side her little Son runs with warm heart beating,  
Clinging to her wet robe, while she wails repeating :

" Further, my child, further—further let us go !"

Fleet the Boy doth follow,  
Wondering at her woe ;  
On, with footfall hollow,  
O'er the pathway jagged  
Crawls she wet and ragged,  
Restless and slow.

" Mother !" now he murmurs, mid the tempest's crying,

" Mother, rest a little—I am faint with flying—

Mother, rest a little !" Still she answers, sighing,

" Further, child, and faster—further let us go !"

But now she is sitting  
On a stone, and lo !  
Dark her brows are knitting,  
While the Child, close-clinging  
To her raiment wringing,  
Shivers at the snow.

" Tell me of my *father* ! for I never knew him ;

Is he dead or living ? Are we flying to him ?"

" Peace, my child !" she answers, and the voice thrills through him ;

" When we wander further—further !—thou shalt know."

(Wild wind of December,  
Blow, wind, blow !—)  
" Oh, but I remember !  
In my mind I gather  
Pictures of my father,  
And a gallant show.

Tell me, mother, tell me—did we *always* wander ?

Was the world once brighter ? In some town out yonder

Dwelt we not contented ?" Sad she seems to ponder,

Sighing, " I will tell thee—when we further go."

"Oh, but, Mother, listen !

We were rich, I know !

(How his bright eyes glisten !)

We were merry people,

In a town with a steeple,

Long long ago ;

In a gay room dwelling, while your face shone brightly,

And a brave man brought us food and presents nightly.

Tell me, 'twas my father ?" Now her face looms whitely,

While she shivers moaning, "Peace ! let us go !"

How the clouds gather !

How the winds blow !

"Who was my father ?

Was he Prince or Lord there,

With a train and a sword there ?

Mother, I *will* know !—

I have dreamt so often of those gallant places ;

There were banners waving—I could see the faces—

Take me to my father !" cries he with embraces,

While she shivers moaning, "No, child, no !"

While the Child is speaking,

Forth the Moon steals slow,

From the black cloud breaking,

Shining white and eerie

On the wayside weary,

Shrouded white in snow.

On the heath behind, against the dim sky lying,

Looms the Gallows blackly, in the wild wind sighing.

To her feet the Woman springs ! with fierce shriek crying—

"See ! O God in Heaven ! . . . Woe, child, woe !"

(Blow, wind of December,

Blow, wind, blow !—)

"Thou canst not remember—

Thou wert but a blossom

Suckled on my bosom,

Years, years ago !

Thy Father stole to feed us ; our starving faces stung him ;

In yonder Town behind us, they seized him and they hung him !

They murder'd him on Gallows-Tree, and to the ravens flung him !

Faster, my child, faster—faster let us go !"

T. M.